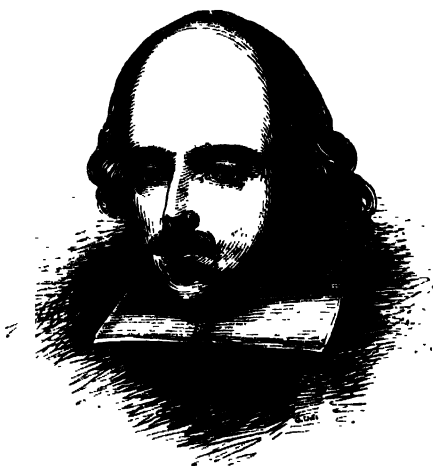


KNIGHTS CABINET EDITION

OF



THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

VOL. V.

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The PORTRAIT to this Volume is taken from a picture by
Mr. Nicol.

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The PORTRAIT to this Volume is from an ancient picture in
the possession of Mr. C. Knight.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON KING HENRY IV.,

PARTS I. AND II.

THE first edition of 'Henry IV., Part I.,' appeared in 1598. Five other editions were printed before the folio of 1623. The first edition of 'Henry IV., Part II.,' appeared in 1600. Another edition was issued the same year. No subsequent edition appeared till the folio of 1623. The text of the folio, from which we print, does not materially differ from the original quartos, in the First Part. In the Second Part there are large additions, and those some very important passages, in the folio.

Shakspeare found the stage in possession of a rude drama, 'The Famous Victories of Henry V.,' upon the foundation of which he constructed not only his two Parts of 'Henry IV.,' but his 'Henry V.' That old play was acted prior to 1588; Tarleton, a celebrated comic actor, who played the clown in it, having died in that year. It is, in many respects, satisfactory that this very extraordinary performance has been preserved. None of the old dramas exhibit in a more striking light the marvellous reformation which Shakspeare, more than all his contemporaries, produced in the dramatic amusements of the age of Elizabeth. Of 'The Famous Victories of Henry V.,' the comic parts are low buffoonery, without the slightest wit, and the tragic monotonous stupidity, without a particle of poetry. And yet Shak-

spere built upon this thing, and for a very satisfactory reason—the people were familiar with it.

In ‘The Famous Victories’ we are introduced to the “young Prince” in the opening scene. His companions are “Ned,” “Tom,” and “Sir John Oldcastle,” who hears the familiar name of “Jockey.” They have been committing a robbery upon the king’s receivers; and Jockey informs the prince that his (the prince’s) man hath robbed a poor carrier. The plunder of the receivers amounts to a thousand pounds; and the prince worthily says, “As I am a true gentleman, I will have the half of this spent to-night.” He shows his gentility by calling the receivers villains and rascals. The prince is sent to the “counter” by the Lord Mayor. “Gadshill,” the prince’s man, who robbed the carrier, is taken before the Lord Chief Justice; and the young prince, who seems to have got out of the counter as suddenly as he got in, rescues the thief. The scene ends with the Chief Justice committing Henry to the Fleet. He is, of course, released. “But whither are we going now?” quoth Ned. “To the court,” answers the true gentleman of a prince, “for I hear say my father lies very sick. . . . The breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth but I will clap the crown on my head.” To the court he goes, and there the bully becomes a hypocrite. The great scene in ‘The Second Part of Henry IV.,’—

“I never thought to hear you speak again,”—
is founded, probably, upon a passage in Holinshed; but there is a similar scene in ‘The Famous Victories.’ It is, perhaps, the highest attempt in the whole play.

And now that we have seen what the popular notion

of the conqueror of Agincourt was at the period when Shakspeare began to write, and, perhaps, indeed, up to the time when he gave us his own idea of Henry of Monmouth,—and when we know that nearly all the historians up to the time of Shakspeare took pretty much the same view of Henry's character,—we may, perhaps, be astonished to be told that Shakspeare's fascinating representation of Henry of Monmouth, "as an historical portrait, is not only unlike the original, but misleading and unjust in essential points of character." * Shakspeare was, in truth, the *only* man of his age who rejected the imperfect evidence of all the historians as to the character of Henry of Monmouth, and nobly vindicated him even from his own biographers, and, what was of more importance, from the coarser traditions embodied in a popular drama of Shakspeare's own day.

In the play of 'The Famous Victories of Henry V.' we have, as already mentioned, the character of "Sir John Oldcastle." This personage, like all the other companions of the prince in that play, is a low, worthless fellow, without a single spark of wit or humour to relieve his grovelling profligacy. But he is also a very insignificant character, with less stage business than even "Ned" and "Tom." Dericke, the clown, is, indeed, the leading character throughout this play. Altogether Oldcastle has only thirty lines put in his mouth in the whole piece. We have no allusion to his being fat; we hear nothing of his gluttony. Malone, however, calls this Sir John Oldcastle "a pampered glutton." It is a question whether this Oldcastle, or

* 'Henry of Monmouth,' by J. Endell Tyler, B.D., vol. i. page 356.

Jockey, suggested to Shakspeare his Falstaff. We cannot discover the very slightest similarity; although Malone decidedly says, "Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled 'The Famous Victories of King Henry V.'" But Malone is arguing for the support of a favourite theory. Rowe has noticed a tradition that Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. This opinion would receive some confirmation from the fact that Shakspeare has transferred other names from the old play, Ned, Gadshill,—and why not, then, Oldcastle? The prince in one place calls Falstaff "my old lad of the castle;" but this may be otherwise explained. The Sir John Oldcastle of history, Lord Cobham, was, as is well known, one of the most strenuous supporters of the Reformation of Wickliffe; and hence it has been argued that the original name of Shakspeare's fat knight was offensive to zealous Protestants in the time of Elizabeth, and was accordingly changed to that of Falstaff. Whether or not Shakspeare's Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, he was, after the character was fairly established as Falstaff, anxious to vindicate himself from the charge that he had attempted to represent the Oldcastle of history. In the epilogue to 'The Second Part of Henry IV.' we find this passage:—"For anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY IV.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1;
sc. 4; sc. 5.

HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, *son to the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, *son to the King.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *friend to the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5.

SIR WALTER BLUNT, *friend to the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV.
sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR MICHAEL, *a friend of the Archbishop.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 4.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 5.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 4.*

POINS.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.

GADSHILL.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 4.

PETO.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4.

BARDOLPH.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.

LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to
Mortimer.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife
to Mortimer.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

MRS. QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.

*Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain,
Drawers, Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

KING HENRY IV.,

PART I.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter* KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
 Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
 To be commenc'd in stronds^a afar remote.
 No more the thirsty entrance^b of this soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
 Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,

^a *Stronds*—strands, shores.^b *Entrance*. In the variorum editions of Shakspeare we have the following correction of the text:—"No more the thirsty *Erinnys* of this soil."

The original text is somewhat obscure; but the obscurity is perfectly in the manner of Shakspeare, and in great part arises from the boldness of the metaphor. *Entrance* is put for *mouth*; and if we were to read, "No more the thirsty mouth of this earth shall daub her lips with the blood of her own children," we should find little difficulty.

Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 't is to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now:"—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits^b of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corpses there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

^a *Therefore we meet not now.* We do not meet now on that account.

^b *Limits.* To limit is to define; and therefore the limits of the charge may be the calculations, the estimates.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other like, my gracious
lord.

For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did report :
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news :
The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd^a in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas ; and the earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil ?
A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so bless'd a son :

^a *Balk'd.* To balk is to raise into ridges.

A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride :
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchange'd
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts :—What think you, coz',
 Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
 To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,
 I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
 Malevolent to you in all aspects ;
 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this :
 And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at Windsor ; and so inform the lords ;
 But come yourself with speed to us again ;
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad ?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know.

What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata; I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair. And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty;^a let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof. Now, a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by;^b and spent with crying—bring in:^c now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder: and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

^a *Day's beauty.* Perhaps *beauty* is meant to be pronounced *booby*, as it is sometimes provincially.

^b *Lay by*—stop.

^c *Bring in*—the call to the drawers for more wine.

Fal. Thou say'st true, lad. And is not my nostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?^a

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

^a *Robe of durance.* The buff jerkin, the coat of ox-skin (*bouf*), was worn by sheriffs' officers. It was a robe of durance, an "everlasting garment," as in 'The Comedy of Errors';—but it was also a robe of "durance" in a sense that would not furnish an agreeable association to one who was always in debt and danger, as Falstaff was.

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a gib cat,^a or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascaldest, sweet young prince. But Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity. I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration:^b and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

^a *Gib cat.* Gib and Tib were old English names for a male cat.

^b *Iteration*—repetition—not mere citation, as some have thought. Falstaff does not complain only of Hal's quoting a scriptural text, but that he has been retorting and distorting the meaning of his words throughout the scene.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a watch. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good

fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.^a

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days, I 'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that 's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

Fal. I 'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, the latter spring! Farewell, All-hallowen summer!^b

[*Exit FAL.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail: and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we 'll set upon them.

^a Ten shillings was the value of the royal. Hence Falstaff's quibble.

^b All-hallowen summer—summer in November, on the first of which month is the feast of All-hallows, or All Saints.

P. Hen. Ay, but 't is like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I 'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah,^a I have cases of buckram for the nonce,^b to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I 'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary and meet me. To-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I 'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit POINS.]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come they wish'd-for come, .

^a *Sirrah*, in this and other passages, is used familiarly, and even sharply, but not contemptuously. The word is supposed to have meant, originally, *Sir, ha!*

^b *For the nonce* is simply *for the once*—for the one thing in question, whatever it be.

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;^a
 And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend to make offence a skill;
 Redeeming time when men think least I will. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WOR-
 CESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT,
 and others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;^b
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
 O, s.r., your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure

^a *Hopes*—expectations.

^b *Condition*—temper of mind.

The moody frontier^a of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us; when we need
 Your use and counsel we shall send for you.—

[Exit WOR.]

You were about to speak.

[To NORTH.]

North. Yea, my good lord.
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
 As was deliver'd to your majesty :
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision,
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
 He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff :^b and still he smil'd and talk'd;
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,

^a *Frontier* is a metaphorical expression, implying—armed to oppose.

^b *Snuff*. Aromatic powders were used as snuff long before the introduction of tobacco.

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, in my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?

Shall we buy treason? and indent with feres,^a
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hol. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie
him;

He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? 'But, sirrah, henceforth

^a *Feres*. The usual reading is *fears*. To *indent* is to sign an indenture—to make a contract. *Feres* are vassals. They have *forfeited* their fees or *fiefs*.

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son :—
Send us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them
I will not send them :—I will after straight,
And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause
awhile ;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ?
'Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
In his behalf I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad. [To WORCESTER.

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone ?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ?

North. He was : I heard the proclamation :
And then it was, when the unhappy king

(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you: Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon, if that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker,* Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem

* *This canker.* The canker is the dog-rose—the rose of the hedge, not of the garden.

Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again :
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king ; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more ;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril, and adventurous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night :—or sink or swim :—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple ;—the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corival, all her dignities :
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all ;

By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them ;
 No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not :
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
 And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
 Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that 's flat :—
 He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;
 Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,
 And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer !
 Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
 Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
 To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
 Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :
 And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,
 But that I think his father loves him not,
 And would be glad he met with some mischance,
 I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman ! I will talk to you
 When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongued^a and impatient
 fool
 Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;
 Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with
 rods,
 Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
 Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
 In Richard's time,—What d'ye call the place ?—
 A plague upon 't—it is in Gloucestershire ;—
 'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept ;
 His uncle York ;—where I first bow'd my knee

^a *Wasp-tongued*—having a tongue as peevish and mischievous
 as a wasp.

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—“when his infant fortune came to age,”
And,—“gentle Harry Percy,”—and, “kind cousin,”—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, in sooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord, [*To NORTH.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is 't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation^a

As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it.

Upon my life it will do wond'rous well.

North. Before the game's a-foot thou still lett'st slip.^b

^a *Estimation*—conjecture.

^b *Let't slip.* The greyhound is held in slips, and is loosened when “the game's a-foot.”

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot :—
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head :
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt ;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does ; we 'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell ;—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course,
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly.
I 'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer ;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother : we shall thrive, I
trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

Car. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain^a is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.^b

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and this is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think this is the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 Car. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, you will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 Car. What, ostler! come away, and be hanged, come away.

^a *Charles' wain*—the churl's wain—the countryman's waggon. The popular name for the constellation of the Great Bear.

^b *Out of all cess.* Ex-cess-ively.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger,^a to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 't were not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.^b

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I 'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we 'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pickpurse.

Gads. That 's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It nolds

^a *Razes of ginger*—roots of ginger.

^b *Two o'clock.* The carrier is deceiving Gadshill. He has just said it is four o'clock.

current that I told you yesternight : There's a franklin in the wild of Kent^a hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold : I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper ; a kind of auditor ; one that hath abundance of charges too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter : They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks^b I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it : I prithee, keep that for the hangman ; for I know thou worshipp'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman ? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows : for if I hang, old sir John hangs with me ; and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut ! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace ; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers ;^c none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms :^d but with nobility and tranquillity ; burgomasters and great oneyers ;^e such as can hold in ; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray : And yet I lie ; for they pray continually unto their saint, the commonwealth ; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her ; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots ? will she hold out water in foul way ?

Gads. She will, she will ; justice hath liquored her.

^a *Wild of Kent.* Undoubtedly the *would* of Kent.

^b *Saint Nicholas' clerks*—thieves.

^c *Sixpenny strikers*—petty footpads—robbers for sixpence.

^d *Malt-worms*—drunkards.

^e *Oneyers.* Johnson thinks that *great oneyers* is merely a cant phrase for *great ones*.

We steal as in a castle, cock-sure ; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith ; I think rather you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase,^a as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to ; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS ; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter : I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins ! Poins, and be hanged ! Poins !

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal ; What a brawling dost thou keep !

Fal. Where 's Poins, Hal ?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill ; I 'll go seek him. [Pretends to seek POINS.

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company : the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire^b further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company

^a *Purchase.* This was a soft name for a theft, of the same kind as convey.

^b *By the squire*—by the rule.

hourly any time this two-and-twenty years; and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged: it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—A plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt^a me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 't is our setter: I know his voice.

^a *To colt—to trick.*

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 't is going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There 's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather: but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. We 'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt* P. HENRY and POINS.]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains'

throats : Ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them ; fleece them.

I Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves ; Are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ;^a I would your store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves, young men must live : You are grand-jurors, are ye ? We 'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt FALS., &c., driving the Travellers out.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men : Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring : there 's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*]

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them. They all run away ; and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind.*^b]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse : The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear

^a *Chuff*. The word *chuff* seems to mean a swollen, pampered glutton.

^b The original stage-direction has been inconsiderately deviated from in the modern editions, which read, "Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away ;" whereas Falstaff, staying behind after the rest have run away, and giving "a blow or two," is clearly not the coward which it has been the fashion to consider him.

So strongly, that they dare not meet each other ;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along :
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.

— “ But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.”—He could be contented,—Why is he not then ? In respect of the love he bears our house : —he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “ The purpose you undertake is dangerous ;”—Why, that 's certain ; 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink : but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. “ The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; the time itself unsorted ; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.”—Say you so, say you so ? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this ! I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant : a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation ; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this ! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself ? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower ? Is there not, besides, the Douglas ? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month ? and are they

not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires;^a of trenches, tents;
Of palisadoes, frontiers,^b parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady flight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

^a *Retires*—retreats.

^b *Frontiers*. A frontier is something standing in front. Thus the frontier of a territory is the part opposed to, fronting, another territory; and in this way a fort is a frontier, as in this passage.

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream :
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are
these ?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho ! is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the
sheriff ?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight : *Esperancé !*^a—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady ?

Lady. What is it carries you away ?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape !

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In sooth,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title ; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprise : But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I shall ask.

^a *Esperancé.* This is the motto of the Percy family.

In faith, I 'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trissler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with manimets^a and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with
me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch farther. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady.

It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

^a *Mammetts*—puppets.

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering,^a they cry—hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,^b clapped even now into my hand by an under-skiuiker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—“Eight shillings and sixpence,” and “You are welcome;” with this shrill addition,—“Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,” or so. But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I ques-

^a *Breathe in your watering.* To take breath when you are drinking. To water was a common word for to drink, as we still say to water a horse. Some mechanics have still their watering time in the afternoon.

^b *Pennyworth of sugar*—to sweeten the wine.

tion my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar ; and do thou never leave calling Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit POINS.*]

Enter FRANCIS

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal button, nodd-pated,^a agate-ring, puke-stocking,^b caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRANCIS.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But, hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours that have showed

^a *Nodd pated*—with the hair cut close.

^b *Puke stocking.* *Puke, puce*, is a sober brown colour.

themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age^a of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—“Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.” “O my sweet Harry,” says she, “how many hast thou killed to-day?” “Give my roan horse a drench,” says he; and answers, “Some fourteen”—an hour after; “a trifle, a trifle.” I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. “Rivo,” says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETRO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in

^a *Pupil age*—the young time of this present midnight, contrasted with the old days of goodman Adam.

it: a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten her-ring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, woolsack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,^a and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

● *Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I.

[*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

^a *Dagger of lath.* The Vice in the old moralities was thus armed.

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray Heaven you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid: two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me;—

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green^a came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool: thou whore-son, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,—^b

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

^a *Kendal green* was the livery of Robin Hood and his merry archers.

^b *Ketch* is a tub—a cask; a tallow-cask is no unapt comparison for Falstaff.

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I 'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to 't again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but thus.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that

made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money. —Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?
—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Prithce, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by 'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—no!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,^a and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There 'a villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy;

^a Taken with the manner—taken with a stolen thing in hand.

and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and the sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him: he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. A'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Then 't is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afeard, thou being heir apparent? Could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyzes' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a

micher,^a and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

^a *Micher*—truant.

P. Hen. Swearst thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,^a but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you.^b Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, heaven help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish

^a *Cunning*—skilful.

^b *Take me with you.* A common expression for let me know your meaning.

not him thy Harry's company ; banish plump Jack,
and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [A knocking heard.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running*.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord ; the sheriff, with a most,
most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue ! play out the play : I have
much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, *hastily*.

Host. O, my lord, my lord !—

Fal. Heigh, heigh ! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick :
What 's the matter ?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door :
they are come to search the house ; Shall I let them in ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? never call a true piece of
gold a counterfeit ; thou art essentially mad, without
seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without in-
stinct.

Fal. I deny your *major* : if you will deny the sheriff,
so ; if not, let him enter : if I become not a cart as well
as another man, a plague on my bringing up ! I hope,
I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras ;—the rest
walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and
good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had : but their date is out,
and therefore I 'll hide me,

[*Exeunt all but the* PRINCE and POINS.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff ; what is your will with me ?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For anything he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men
He shall be answerable; and, so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.
Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and
snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search
his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what be they: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of
bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is
else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage.

there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.^a The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

^a *Twelve-score.* The common phraseology for twelve score yards.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and
GLENDDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you,
His cheek looks pale, and, with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen
Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season,
if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself
had never been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did
tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down

Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again,—that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is the living,—clipp'd in with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh:

I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy: you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,

By telling truth ; Tell truth, and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I 'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.—

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made
head

Against my power : thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too ?
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

Glend. Come, here 's the map ; Shall we divide our
right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en ?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally :
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd :
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower :—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn :
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—
Within that space [*To GLEND.*] you may have drawn
together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come :

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;
 For there will be a world of water shed,
 Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety,^a north from Burton here,
 In quantity equals not one of yours :
 See how this river comes me cranking^b in,
 And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
 A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle^c out.
 I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
 In a new channel, fair and evenly :
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea,

But mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
 With like advantage on the other side ;
 Gelding the opposed continent as much
 As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
 And on this north side win this cape of land ;
 And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot.

Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot.

Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot.

Let me not understand you then ;

Speak it in Welsh.

^a *Moiety.* Hotspur calls his third share a "moiety." Lear divides his kingdom into three parts, and yet Gloucester talks of either duke's "moiety." In his dedication to 'The Rape of Lucrece' Shakespeare uses "moiety" in the sense of a small part of a whole.

^b *Cranking*—bending.

^c *Cantle*—a corner, according to some etymologists ; a portion, or parcel, according to others.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you :
For I was train'd up in the English court :
Where, being but young, I fiam'd to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue^a a helpful ornament ;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I 'm glad of 't with all my heart :
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew, "
'Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;
I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I 'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend :
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by
night :

I 'll haste the writer, and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence :
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

Hot. I cannot choose : sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies ;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,

^a *The tongue*—the English language, according to Johnson.

In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys : I cried, hum,—and well,—go
to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he 's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house :—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does :
I warrant you that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your
speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with
you,

She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt
Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter in Welsh,
and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She 's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd
harlotry,

'One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee. [*Lady M. speaks.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that 's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language: for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you
down,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,

As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I 'll sit and hear her sing :
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so ;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence ;
And straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down :
Come, quick, quick ; that I may lay my head in thy
lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

*GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words, and then the
Music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh ;
And 't is no marvel, he 's so humorous.
By 'r lady, he 's a good musician.

Lady P. Then would you be nothing but musical ;
for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still,
ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in
Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst have thy nead broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither ; 't is a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee !

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What 's that ?

Hot. Peace ! she sings.

A Welsh SONG, sung by Lady M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth ! 'Heart, you swear

like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth;
and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me;
and, As sure as day:

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath: and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,^a
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will.

[*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Excunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales
and I

Must have some private conference: But be near at
hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.—[*Ex. Lords.*

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,

^a *Pepper-gingerbread*—spice-gingerbread.

To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal :
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof^a of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers,
• I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood :
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession ;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.

^a *Reproof*—disproof.

By being seldom seen, I could not stir
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
 That men would tell their children,—This is he ;
 Others would say,—Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dress'd myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus I did keep my person fresh, and new ;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast ;
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin^a wits,
 Soon kindled and soon burn'd : carded^b his state ;
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns :
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative :
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :
 That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,

^a *Bavin*—brushwood—used for kindling fires.

^b *Carded*. It is possible that Henry simply means that "the skipping king" *discarded* his state ; or, that Richard fretted away his state, as the *wool-carder* makes the lock attenuated by continual tearing.

Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou :
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation ; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspur ;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession :
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm :
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas ; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ :
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises

Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate^a against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me, under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be hold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours^b in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;

^a *Capitulate*—to settle the heads of an agreement.

^b *Favours*—features.

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here :
The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance
If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;
For this advertisement is five days old :—
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward ;
On Thursday, we ourselves will march :
Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business : let 's away ;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.**Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking;^a I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 't is in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire,

^a *In some liking*—in some substance.

and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John,

and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, marching. FAL-STAFF meets the PRINCE, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank Heaven on.

Host. I am no thing to thank Heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 't is copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, let my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed^a rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish

^a Embossed—swollen, puffed up.

thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest I am pacified.—Still ?—Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court : For the robbery, lad,—How is that answered ?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee :—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 't is a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabout ! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous ; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord ?

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster, To my brother John ; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse ; for thou and I Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall, At two o'clock in the afternoon :

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ; And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH.*]

Fal. Rare words ! brave world ! Hostess, my breakfast ; come :—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.**Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.*

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot : If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter ; I defy
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself :
Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour :
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 't is well :—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord ; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a jostling time ? Who leads his power ?
Under whose government come they along ?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed ?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited :
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth
infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise .

'T is catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness--

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,--

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us ;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now ;

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off :—

And yet, in faith, it is not ; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it :—Were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast ? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?

It were not good : for therein should we read^a

The very bottom and the soul of hope ;

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should ;

Where now remains a sweet reversion :

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is to come in :

A comfort of retirement lives in this.—

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

^a *Read.* To discover is a meaning of the word *read*, as well understood as its peculiar meaning with regard to written language. "*Arde* my riddle" is scarcely obsolete.

If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and air^a of our attempt
Brooks no division : It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
For, well you know, we of the offering side^b
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your father draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use ;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Vcr. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.

^a *Ar.* Worcester considers that not only the quality but the appearance of their attempt "brooks no division."

^b *Offering side*—assailing side.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that dash'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms:
All plum'd, like estridges that with the wind
Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd;^a
Glittering in golden coats, like images;^b
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,^c
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in
March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,

^a The meaning appears to us to be this:—the prince and his comrades, all furnished, all in arms, are plumed like estridges (*falcons*, not ostriches) that *with* the wind bated—(to *bate* is to swoop upon the quarry, a term of falconry)—like eagles having lately bathed.

^b *Images*. "The rich vestments" of "the holy saints" in Romish churches, noticed by Spenser, are here alluded to.

^c *Beaver*. This, which is a part of the helmet, is often used to express a helmet generally.

And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours :—Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry, shall not horse to horse
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse ?
 O, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

Doug. That 's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be ;
 My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take^a a muster speedily :

Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half-year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A public Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me
 a bottle of sack ; our soldiers shall march through :
 we 'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

^a *Take.* All the old copies read "*take* a muster ;"—modern editions "*make* a muster." Hotspur would not wish to *make* a muster—to assemble his troops—to collect them together—for they were all with him ; but he desires to know the exact number of "the powers of us" which are to oppose the king's "thirty thousand."

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient:^a and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat;—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on;

^a *Old-faced ancient*—an old, patched-up standard.

for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry: But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, sir John, 't is more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss:^a food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three

^a *Toss*—toss upon a pike.

fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste :
Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped ?

West. He is, sir John ; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and
VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so ? looks he not for supply ?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd ; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well ;
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas : by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives :—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of such great leading as
you are,
That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition : Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low ;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt ; And 'would to
God

You were of our determination !
Some of us love you well : and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,^a
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And Heaven defend but still I should stand
so,

So long as, out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty !
But to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs ;^b and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty : If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all speed,

^a *Quality*—of the same kind with us.

^b *Griefs*—grievances.

You shall have your desires, with interest ;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind ; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears :
And,—when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore :
And,—when he heard him swear and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace ;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee ;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs ; as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurge ;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth :
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads

Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot.

Then, to the point

In short time after, he depos'd the king ;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;
And, in the neck of that, task'd ^a the whole state :
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be engag'd ^b in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited :
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
Rated my uncle from the council board ;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong :
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety ; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter ; we 'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and
love.

Hot. And 't may be, so we shall.

Blunt.

'Pray heaven you do !

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Task'd.* A tax was anciently a *task*.

^b *Engag'd.* To be *engaged* is to be a captive retained as a
hostage.

SCENE IV.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,^a
With winged haste, to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by prophecies,)—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's
Douglas,
And lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry
Percy,

And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—

^a *Brief*—a letter.

The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt ;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear ;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed :
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him ;
Therefore make haste : I must go write again
To other friends ; and so farewell, sir Michael.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN
of Lancaster, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky^a hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 't is not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-aborred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:

^a *Busky*—bosky—woody.

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet,^a peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account.
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The danger of the time: You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;

^a *Chewet*—perhaps the name of a chattering bird—certainly the name of a dish, or pie, of minced meat.

Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
 And, being fed by us, you used us so
 As that ungentle gull^a the cuckoo's bird
 Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,^b
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation :
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
 This present enterprise set off his head,—
 I do not think a braver gentleman,

^a *Gull.* Ordinarily this word means *the person gulled, be-guiled*. In this case it must either mean the *guller*, or the word may have a special meaning referring to the voracity of the "cuckoo's bird."

^b *Articulated*—exhibited in articles.

More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For on their answer will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just.

[*Exeunt KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 't is a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest Heaven a death. [*Exit.*]

Fal. 'T is not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 't is no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'T were best he did.

Wor.

Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king would keep his word in loving us:
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd still the nearer death.

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 't is so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the
king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispausing praise, valued with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing citadel of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild at liberty :^a
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm, with speed: And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

^a *At liberty.* Hotspur means to say that he never knew of
any prince so wild of his own unrestrained will.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this,—
Let each man do his best: and here I draw a sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperancé!*—*Percy!*—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the battle.

Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battle thus thou
crossest me?

What honour dost thou seek upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought

Thy likeness ; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee.
Unless thou yield thee as a prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot ;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd over a Scot.

Doug. All 's done, all 's won ; here breathless lies the
king.

Hot. Where ?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas ? no, I know this face full well :
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ;
Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes !
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up and away ;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear
the shot here : here 's no scoring, but upon the pate.—
Soft ! who are you ? Sir Walter Blunt ;—there 's honour
for you : Here 's no vanity ! I am as hot as molten lead,
and as heavy too : Heaven keep lead out of me ! I need
no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my
ragamuffins where they are pepper'd : there 's not three
of my hundred and fifty left alive ; and they are for the
town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here ?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory^a never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed: and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The PRINCE drains out a bottle of sack.*]

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?
[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. If Percy be alive I'll pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado^b of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much;—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

^a *Turk Gregory*—Pope Gregory VII.

^b *Carbonado*—a rasher on the coals.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so :—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your
help :

And Heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

P. John. We breathe too long :— Come, cousin
Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies ; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt PRINCE JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lan-
caster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John ;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king ! they grow like Hydras' heads :
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

K. Hen. The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves at
heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field :
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee ; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the KING being in danger, enter*
PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art
like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*
Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;^a
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas
Gawsey. [*Exit KING HENRY.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

^a *Opinion*—reputation.

A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And would to Heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I 'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I 'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall
find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls
down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOT-
SPUR is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my
flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

[*Dies.*]

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well,
great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough :—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal :—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph !—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*

What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray :—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by :
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowell'd ! if thou embowel
me to-day, I 'll give you leave to powder me and eat
me to-morrow. 'Shlood, 't was time to counterfeit, or
that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too.
Counterfeit ? I lie, I am no counterfeit : To die is to
be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man
who hath not the life of a man : but to counterfeit
dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counter-
feit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The
better part of valour is discretion ; in the which better
part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of
this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead : How, if he
should counterfeit too, and rise ? I am afraid he would
prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I 'll make him
sure : yea, and I 'll swear I killed him. Why may

not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.
Art thou alive?

Or is it phantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears:

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that 's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*throwing the body down*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back :
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is sounded.]

The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that
rewards me, Heaven reward him ! If I do grow great,
I'll grow less ; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and
live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[Exit, bearing off the body.]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE
HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others,
with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester ! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you ?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary ?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust ?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me to ;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon
too ;

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.]
How goes the field ?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our
power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his way,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF

KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

KING HENRY IV.

PART II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY IV.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4.

HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King Henry V., son to King Henry IV.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

THOMAS, Duke of Clarence, son to King Henry IV.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, afterwards created (2 Henry V.) Duke of Bedford, son to King Henry IV.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloster, afterwards created (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster, son to King Henry IV.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

EARL OF WARWICK, of the King's party.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND, of the King's party.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

GOWER, of the King's party.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

HARCOURT, of the King's party.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the King's Bench.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, enemy to the King.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3.

SCROOP, Archbishop of York, LORD MOWBRAY, and

LORD HASTINGS, enemies to the King.

Appear, Act I. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LORD BARDOLPH, enemy to the King.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.

SIR JOHN COLEVILLE, enemy to the King.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

TRAVERS and MORTON, domestics of Northumberland.

Appear Act I. sc. 1.

FALSTAFF.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

BARDOLPH.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

PISTOL.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

Page.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

POINS, *an attendant on Prince Henry.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.

PETO, *an attendant on Prince Henry.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4.

SHALLOW, *a country justice.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

SILENCE, *a country justice.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

DAVY, *servant to Shallow.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MOULDY, **SHADOW**, **WART**, **FEEBLE**, **BULLCALF**,
recruits.

Appear, Act III. sc. 2.

FANG and SNARE, *sheriff's officers.*

Appear, Act II. sc. 1.

Rumour.

Appears, Induction.

A Porter.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

A Dancer, *speaker of the epilogue.*

Appears, Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND and LADY PERCY.

Appear, Act II. sc. 3.

HOSTESS QUICKLY.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 4.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 4.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

KING HENRY IV.,

PART II.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears: For which of you will stop
 The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
 I, from the orient to the drooping west,
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while ~~secret~~ enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
 And who but Rumour, who ~~but~~ only I,
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
 Whilst the big year, swoln with some other griefs,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
 And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

The Porter before the Gate ; Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard.
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute
now

Should be the father of some stratagem :
The times are wild ; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will !

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish :
The king is almost wounded to the death ;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright ; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas : young prince John,

* *Stratagem*—some military movement, according to the Greek derivation of the word ;—some enterprise ;—some decisive act on one part or the other, resulting from the wild times of contention.

And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
 And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the bulk sir John,
 Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
 So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
 Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
 Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
 Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
 thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
 That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I
 sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
 And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
 More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with
 you?

Trav. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
 With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
 Out-rode me. After him came, spurring hard,
 A gentleman almost forspent^a with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
 He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
 I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
 He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,

^a *Forspent.* For, as a prefix to a verb, is used to give it intensity.

He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! ——— Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I 'll tell you what ;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I 'll give my barony : never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman that rode by
Travers
Give then such instances of loss ?

L. Bard. Who, he ?
He was some hilding^a fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,^b
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume :
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother ?
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,

^a *Hilding*—an expression of contempt for a cowardly, spiritless person.

^b *Title-leaf*. Poems of lament were distinguished by a black title-page.

And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd :
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus, and thus :
Your brother thus : so fought the noble Douglas :
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet :
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton ;
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies ;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid :
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye :
Thou shak'st thy head ; and hold'st it fear,^a or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :
The tongue offends not that reports his death :
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead ;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.^b

^a *Fear*—danger ; matter or occasion of fear.

^b *Departing friend.* Malone thought that departing was here used for departed. But the ancient custom was for the bell to ring for the *departing* soul—not for the soul that had fled. Hence it was called the *passing bell*.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to heaven I had not seen :
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Henry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops :
For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that 's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field : Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won ; and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic ; and these news,
Having been well that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,

Like strengthless hinges, buckle ^a under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,^b
Are thrice themselves: hence, therefore, thou nice^c
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron: And approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

[*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.]

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,
Let us make head. It was your presurmise,

^a *Buckle.* This word, which here means *to bend*, is used precisely in the same signification in the present day, when applied to a horse, whose "weaken'd joints, like strengthless hinges," are said *to buckle*.

^b *Grief.* In this line the *first* "grief" is put for bodily pain; the second for mental sorrow.

^c *Nice*—weak.

That in the dole of blows your son might drop :
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er :
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars ; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd :
Yet did you say,—Go forth ; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The still-borne action : What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be ?

L. Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That if we wrought out life 't was ten to one :
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

Mor. 'T is more than time : And, my most noble
lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers ; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers,
My lord your son had ~~only~~ but the corps,
But shadows and the shows of ~~men~~, to fight ;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls ;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond : But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion :
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He 's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood

Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones :
 Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
 And more and less^a do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety and revenge :
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed ;
 Never so few, nor never yet more need. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London. A Street.

Enter SIR JOHN FAIRSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water ?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water : but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird^b at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath o'erwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson man-drake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now ; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your

^a *More and less*—greater and less—great and small.

^b *Gird.* To gird is to smite, and thence metaphorically to jeer, to scoff at.

master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince, your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had wit man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up,^a then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. Where 's Bardolph?

Page. He 's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he 'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: if I could get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

^a *Taking up*—buying upon credit.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What 's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,——

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of

me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged: You hunt counter;^a hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—Give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Jus. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy; a sleeping of the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain; I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an 't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

^a *Hunt counter.* Falstaff either tells the attendant "you hunt counter"—you hunt the wrong way; or calls him a "hunt-counter,"—which also might imply that the attendant was a bailiff's follower.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears ; and I care not if I be your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient : your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty ; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise ; I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me : I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound ; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill : you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Fal. My lord ?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so : wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord ; all tallow : if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his evil angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light;^a but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger's times,^b that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single?^c and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born [about three of the clock in the afternoon,] with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hol-laing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judg-

^a An allusion to the coin called an angel.

^b *Costermonger's times*—times of petty traffic, when qualities are raised by money's worth.

^c *Wit single.* The Chief Justice has lost something of his characteristic gravity, and has become infected by him who was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others; and he thus opposes the *single wit* to the *double chin*; and also suggests the real character of wit. All wit is to a certain extent *double*.

ment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes and sack-cloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, if I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily,—if it be a hot day, if I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: [But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.]

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And Heaven bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt CHIEF JUSTICE and Attendant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery : but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other ; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy !

Page. Sir ?

Fal. What money is in my purse ?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse : borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster ; this to the prince ; this to the earl of Westmoreland ; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin : About it ; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout ! or, a gout of this pox ! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt ; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable : A good wit will make use of anything ; I will turn diseases to commodity.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, the LORD HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and LORD BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means ;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes :

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms ;

But gladly would be better satisfied

How, in our means, we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice ;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth
thus ;
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Ay, marry, there 's the point ;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand :
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'T is very true, lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with
hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts :
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes ;—if this present quality of war
(Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot)
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,

Then must we rate the cost of the crection :
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices ; or, at least, desist
To build at all ? Much more in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model ;
Consent upon a sure foundation ;
Question surveyors ; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men :
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation ;
I think ~~we~~ we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What ! is the king but five-and-twenty
thousand ?

Hast. To us no more ; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads ; one power against the French,
And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third
Must take up us : So is the unfirm king
In three divided ; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths to-
gether,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels : never fear that.

L. Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces
hither ?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland :
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth :
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on ;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be !
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ?
They that when Richard liv'd would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now, " O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this ! " O thoughts of men accurs'd !
Past, and to come, seem best ; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and
SNARE following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? ^a Is 't a lusty yeoman? will he stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where 's Snare?

Host. Ay, ay; good! Master Snare!

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ay, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives; he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foil like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once; if he come but within my vice;—

Host. I am undone with his going; I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Piecorner, (saving your man-

^a *Yeoman.* The bailiff's follower was called a sergeant's yeoman.

hoods,) to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one^a for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been subbed off, and subbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murther, murther! O thou honeysuckle^b villain, wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man queller, and a woman queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

^a *Long one.* The Hostess says that a hundred mark is a long one—a long mark—a long reckoning or score.

^b *Honeysuckle.* Supposed to be Mistress Quickly's corruption of *homicidal*. In the same way *honey-seed* for *homicide*.

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow. Wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt^a goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me,

^a *Parcel-gilt*—partially gilt, or what is now technically called *party-gilt*.

and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul: and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you have practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Prithee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will court'sy and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong;

but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*]

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower: What news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Prithee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles. I loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*to BARDOLPH*] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words, let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARD., Officers, and Page.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What 's the news, my good lord ?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night ?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all 's well : What is the news, my lord ?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back ?

Gow. No ; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord ?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently : Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord !

Ch. Just. What 's the matter ?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner ?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here ; I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower ?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John ?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord ; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee ! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that ? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it doth me ; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer ?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then my appetite was not princely got ; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name ? or to know thy face to-morrow ? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast ; viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones ? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts ; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use ?—but that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I ; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keep'st not racket there ; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard you should talk so idly ! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is ?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins ?

Poins. Yes ; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to ; I stand the push of your one thing that you 'll tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick : albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency : Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,

my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick : and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason ?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep ?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought : and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks ; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine : every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so ?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, I am well spoken of ; I can hear it with my own ears : the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands ; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff : he had him from me christian ; and see, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. Save your grace !

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph !

Bard. Come, you pernicious ass, [*to the Page*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing ? wherefore blush you now ? What a maidenly man at arms are you become ! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead ?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window : at last, I spied his eyes : and, me-

thought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson, upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—
There it is, boy.

[*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall be wronged.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there 's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas,^a your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir?

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] John Falstaff, knight, — Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, "There is some of the king's blood spilt:" "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

^a *Martlemas*—the feast of St. Martin, the 11th of November. *Poins* calls Falstaff the martlemas, because his year of life is running out.

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter :—

Poins. “Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.”—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. “I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity :”—sure he means brevity in breath ; short-winded.—“I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins ; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars ; John, with my brothers and sisters ; and sir John with all Europe.”

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That 's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned ? must I marry your sister ?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune ! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time ; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London ?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he ? doth the old boar feed in the old frank ?^a

Bard. At the old place, my lord ; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company ?

Page. Ephesians, my lord ; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him ?

^a *Frank.* To frank is to cram, to fatten ; and thus a frank is a *sty*.

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish-heifers are to the town-bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet in town: There 's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Ex. BARD. and PAGE.*]
—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table like drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in everything, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND,
and LADY PERCY.*

North. I prithee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:

Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for Heaven's sake, go not to these wars !

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?
There were two honours lost ; yours, and your son's.
For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it !
For his, it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven : and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts ; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait :
And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant ;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him : So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him !
O miracle of men !—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage ; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible :—so you left him :
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him ; let them alone ;

The marshal and the archbishop are strong :
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there ;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the
king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves : So did your son ;
He was so suffer'd : so came I a widow ;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me : 't is with my
mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back :
I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Boar's Head
Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What hast thou brought thiere? apple-

Johns? thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Thou sayest true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;^a mistress Tear-sheet would fain have some music. [Despatch:—"The room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.]"

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bar-dolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis:^b It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say,—What's this? How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that was well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

^a *Sneak's noise.* A noise of musicians is a *band*.

^b *Old utis.* Utis is the octave of a festival; and so the word passed into the meaning of merriment generally. *Old* does not here mean ancient, but extreme, very good.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal.

When Arthur first in court—
Empty the jordan.—

And was a worthy king :

[*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll ?

Host. Sick of a calm ;^a yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect ; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me ?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them ! gluttony and diseases make them ; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll : we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you ; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry ; our chains and our jewels.

Fal.

Your brooches, pearls, and owches :

—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know : To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely ; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely :—

[*Doll.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself !]

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion ; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord : you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts ; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year ! one must bear, and that must be you : [*to Doll.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full

^a *Calm.* The Hostess means *qualm*.

hogshead? there 's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I 'll be friends with thee, Jack—thou art going to the wars: and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient^a Pistol 's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I 'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here; I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; here comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally,^b sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he, “receive those that are civil; for,” saith he, “you are in an ill name;”—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; “for,” says he, “you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive,” says he, “no swaggering companions.”

^a *Ancient.* The ancient is the standard, the ensign; and so the bearer of the ensign is also the ancient.

^b *Tilly-fally*—supposed to have been an old French hunting cry.

—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I 'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He 's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,^a he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 't were an aspen-leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. Save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I 'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets; I 'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you pour, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen

^a *Cheater.* The officers that manage the *eschets* of the crown were *eschetors*; and from the oppression and extortion which they too commonly exercised in the discharge of their offices came the word to *cheat*.

mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cutpurse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the sancy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!^a

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

[*Fal.* No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.]

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, are thou not ashamed to be called captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdyhouse?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, fainers! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

^a *Much*—an expression of contempt.

Pist. These be good humeurs, indeed! Shall pack-horses,

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day
Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals,^a
And Trojan Greeks?

Nay, rather damn them with king Cerberus;
And let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins;
Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there 's none such here.
What the good year! do you think I would deny her.
I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis:
Come, give me some sack.

"Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta."—

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy nief:^b What! we have
seen the seven stars.

Doll. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such
a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway
nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat

^a *Cannibals.* Pistol, whose learning is upon a par with Dame Quickly's, means Hannibals.

^b *Nief*—niece.

shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?
[*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here 's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I prithee, Jack, I prithee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*]

Host. Here 's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritts and frights. So: murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt PIST. and BARD.*]

Doll. I prithee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal 's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee,

Doll. A rascal bagging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. And thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.^a

Doll. Why doth the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare^b with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and

^a *Mallet*—mallard.

^b *Rides the wild mare*—plays at see-saw.

an able body, for the which the prince admits him : for the prince himself is such another ; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off ?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance ?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction ; what says the almanac to that ?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables ; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly ; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of ? I shall receive money on Thursday ; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come : it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth thou 'lt set me a weeping, if thou sayest so : prove that I ever dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen., Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*]

Fal. Ha ! a bastard son of the king's ?—And art not thou Poins his brother ?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead ?

Fal. A better than thou ; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir : and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace ! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now Heaven bless that sweet face of thine ! What, are you come from Wales ?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*

Doll. How ! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman !

Host. Blessing on your good heart ! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me ?

P. Hen. Yes ; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill : you knew I was at your back ; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no, not so ; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse ; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour ; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not to dispraise me ; and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what ?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse !

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world ; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him :—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal ;—none, Ned, none ;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire

cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph, irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door, there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak :—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO, and
BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night,
and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking
heard.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what 's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah [*to the Page*].—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not sent away post I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst :—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* *FAL.* and *BARD.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod time; but an honest and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet.

Host. What 's the matter?

Bard. [*Within*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *with a Page.*

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them : Make good speed.

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly,* death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose

* *Hurly*—loud noise.

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low-lie-down !^a
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good-morrows to your majesty !

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords ?

War. 'T is one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
 How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow,
 And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,^b
 Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
 With good advice and little medicine :
 My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O Heaven ! that one might read the book
 of fate ;

And see the revolution of the times
 Make mountains level, and the continent
 (Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
 Into the sea ! and, other times, to see
 The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors ! [O, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,

^a Coleridge says : " 'Happy low-lie-down !' is either a proverbial expression, or the burthen of some old song, and means, 'Happy the man who lays himself down on his straw bed or chuff pallet on the ground or floor !' "

^b *Distemper'd* is used as indicating a state of ill-health, some what milder than the rank diseases of which the king speaks.

Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.]
'T is not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars : It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul ;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot ;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember.) [To War
When Richard,—with his eye brimfull of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy ?
" Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ;"—
Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss :—
" The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
" ~~The~~ time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption :"—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd :
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasur'd.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness :
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:
And that same word even now cries out on us;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the feared: Please it your grace
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow; and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black onzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow; And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score;^a and

^a Twelve score. Yards is here under-tood, and subsequently a fourteen means a fourteen score yards.

carried you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen : I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir ; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace : What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you : my captain, sir John Falstaff : a tall gentleman, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man : How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon ; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir ; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good ; yea, indeed is it : good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo* : very good ; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon, sir : I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase : but I will maintain the word, with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated ; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated : or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated ; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FAUSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just :—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good han t, give me your worship's good hand : Trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well : welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow :—Master Sine-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John ; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie ! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men ?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit ?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where 's the roll ? where 's the roll ? where 's the roll ?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so : Yea, marry, sir :—Ralph Mouldy :—let them appear as I call ; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see ; Where is Mouldy ?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John ? a good-limbed fellow : young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy ?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i' faith ! things that are mouldy lack use : Very singular good !—Well said, sir John ; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

[*To SHALLOW.*

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, if you could have let me alone : my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery : you need not to have pricked me ; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor,

he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor; that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O, good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot

tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in St. George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ah, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watch-word was "Hem, boys!"—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten stillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care: but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. I care not;—a man can die but once;—We owe a death;—I will never bear a base mind:—if it be my destiny, so; if it be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. Nay, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, vult, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer;

come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver^a into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Milc-end green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn.)—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was a little quiver^b fellow, and he would manage you his picce thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bounce," would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—Farewell, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, Heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*]

^a *Calver.* The caliver was smaller than the musket, and was fired without a rest.

^b *Quiver,* nimble.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, drier paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible:^a he was the very genius of famine; he came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his fancies, or his good-nights.—And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*]

^a *Invincible.* The meaning is—his dimensions were such that thick sight could not master them.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'T is Gualtree forest, an 't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'T is well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenor, and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality;
The which he could not levy: whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Morb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Morb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded^a with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop.—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,

^a *Guarded*—faced—bordered.

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever
And we must bleed for it : of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician ;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men :
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness ;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer
And find our griefs^a heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion :
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles ;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience :
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied ?
Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book

^a *Griefs*—grievances.

Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
[And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?]

Arch. My brother, general! the commonwealth?
[To brother born an household cruelty,]
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
And then, that Henry Bolingbroke, and he,
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their heavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he throw:
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,

That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what :

The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman ;
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd ?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—

Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience : and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them ; everything set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so ;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :
For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies :
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good :—
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,

To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this
schedule;

For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd:
We come within our awful^a banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which Heaven so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit WEST.*]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:
That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,

^a *Awful.* The word *awful* is here used in the sense of *reverential*;—that those who are in arms against the king, having their grievances redressed, will come again within their bounds of awe towards him.

That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances :
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true :—
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth your
lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in Heaven's name then forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace :—my lord, we come.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others : from the other side, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray :

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop :
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
'Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so :—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of Heaven ?
To us, the speaker in his parliament ;
To us the imagin'd voice of Heaven itself ;
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of Heaven,
And our dull workings : O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place ;
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,

In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of Heaven,
The subjects of Heaven's substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of Heaven and him,
Have here up-swarmed them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
(The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,)
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Morb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success^a of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.

^a Success—succession.

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
Let 's drink together friendly, and embrace ;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word :
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain [*to an Officer*], and deliver to the
army

This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :
I know it will well please them ; Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace : And, if you knew what
pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely : but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it :—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season :
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry ;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd ; Hark, how
they shout !

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;

For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.— [*Exit WEST.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [*Exit HAST.*

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already :
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they took their course
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings ; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

West. Is your assembly so ?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith ?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none :
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther now;—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit Wmst.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When everything is ended then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserv-
ing.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, I swear, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither : had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves : but thou,
like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away ; and I thank
thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Have you left pursuit ?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution :—

Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILLE.*]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords ;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick :

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him ;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through Glostershire : and, when you come to court,
stand my good lord,* 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff : I, in my con-
dition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would you had but the wit ; 't were better
than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young
sober-blooded boy doth not love me ; nor a man cannot
make him laugh ;—but that 's no marvel, he drinks no
wine. There 's never any of these demure boys come to
any proof ; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood,
and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind
of male green-sickness ; and then, when they marry,

* *Stand my good lord.* " Be my good lord " was the old court
phrase, used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high
rank.

they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,* full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning a mere board of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire; I

* *Forgetive*—*Inventive*.

have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY,
WARWICK, *and others.*

K. Hen. Now, lords, if Heaven doth give successful
end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd,* our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish :
Only, we want a little personal strength ;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster, where is the
prince your brother ?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at
Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with
him ?

P. Humph. No, my good lord ; he is in presence
here.

Clu. What would my lord and father ?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Cla-
rence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother ?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas ;

* *Address'd*--prepared.

Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy ;
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren :
Therefore, omit him not ; blunt not his love :
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd ;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity :
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he 's flint ;
As humorous^a as winter, and as sudden
As flaws^b congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :
But, being moody, give him line and scope ;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Clk. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
Thomas ?

Clk. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

^a *Humorous*, applied literally, is *humid*. In this passage it has the sense of *full of humours*, alluding to the supposed fluids or *humours* of the body, which constituted the individual temperament.

^b *Flaws*—thin crystallizations upon the ground moist with the morning dew.

Cl. With Poin, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'T is needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd: which once attain'd,
Your highness knows comes to no further use,
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'T is seldom when the bee doth leave her
comb
In the dead carrion.—Who 's here? Westmoreland?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,

But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read ;
With every course, in his particular."

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look ! here 's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your majesty ;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of !
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make
me sick ?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :—
O me ! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty !

Cl. O my royal father !

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up !

War. Be patient, princes ; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air ; he 'll straight be well.

Cl. No, no ; he cannot long hold out these pangs ;

^a *His particular*—Prince John's letter of detail. A particular
is still a term for a detailed statement.

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,^a that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me ;^b for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature :
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between :
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so, a little time before

That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber : softly, pray.

[*They convey the KING into an inner part of
the room, and place him on a bed.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence ?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now ! rain within doors, and none
abroad !

How doth the king ?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet ?

Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

^a Mure—wall.

^b Fear me—make me afraid.

P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords ;—sweet prince, speak low ;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Clu. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us ?

P. Hen. No ; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but P. HENRY*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow ?

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night !—sleep with it now !

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
SnORES out the watch of night. O majesty !

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not :

Did he snore, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord ! my father !

This sleep is sound indeed ; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol^a hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due, from me,

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood ;

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously :

My due, from thee, is this imperial crown ;

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*

Which Heaven shall guard : And put the world's whole
strength

^a *Rigol.* The word is only found in Shakspeare. Naah, however, writes *ringol*, which he explains to be *ringed circle*.

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me : This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me.

Exit.

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him.

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[Exit WARWICK.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises :
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets ;
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
 We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,
 Are murther'd for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
 Till his friend sickness hath determin'd * me ?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown ?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes ;—Come hither to me, Harry :—
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.*

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
 Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !

Thou seek'st at the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,

* *Determin'd, ended.*

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
Then get thee gone ; and dig my grave thyself ;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head :
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the fifth is crown'd :—Up, vanity !
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness !
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night ; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England shall double gild his treble guilt :
England shall give him office, honour, might :
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

Ist Hen. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
[Kneeling.]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown :
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth,)—this prostrate and exterior bending !
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die ;
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed !
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were.)
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it :—"The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable ;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up."—Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,

That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. Hen. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.

Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown ; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head :

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation ;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances ;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered :
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument ; and now my death
Changes the mood : for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.

Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd : which to avoid,
I cut them off ; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land ;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,

Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O Heaven forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords,
and others.*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'T is call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to Heaven!—even there my life
must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
But, hear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.**Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.**Shal.* By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!*Fal.* You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.*Shal.* I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!*Enter DAVY.**Davy.* Here, sir.*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?*Davy.* Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.*Shal.* Let it be cast, and paid:—sir John, you shall not be excused.*Davy.* Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?*Shal.* He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Cleinent Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but, yet, Heaven forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable

coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.
[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you
not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE,
WESTMORELAND, and others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry :
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

Ch. Just. Alas ! I fear all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. Humph., Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember ; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us
heavy !

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend
indeed :

And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow ; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to
find,

You stand in coldest expectation :

I am the sorrier ; 'would 't were otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff
fair,

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did I did in honour,
 Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;
 And never shall you see that I will beg
 A ragged and forestall'd remission.^a
 If truth and upright innocency fail me,
 I'll to the king my master that is dead,
 And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and Heaven save your
 majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
 Sits not so easy on me as you think.
 Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
 This is the English, not the Turkish court;
 Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
 But Harry Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,
 For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad:
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
 Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
 For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
 I'll be your father and your brother too;
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
 Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I;
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty

King. You all look strangely on me;—and you most;

[To the CHIEF JUSTICE.]

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

^a *Forestall'd remission*—a pardon supplicated, not offered freely.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No! How might a prince of my great h^{ighness} forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in th' administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well ;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words :—
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son :
And no less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me :
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a father to my youth :
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections ;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world ;
To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now :
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament :
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;

That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—
In which you, futher, shall have foremost hand.

[*To the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.*

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state :
And (Heaven consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an
arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own
grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth ;—come,
cousin Silence ;—and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars
all, sir John ;—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy ; spread,
Davy ; Well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses : he is your
serving-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good
varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much
sack at supper.—A good varlet. Now sit down, now
sit down :—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [*Singing.*
And praise Heaven for the merry year ;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; [*seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: profuse!^o What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*]

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall;
'T is merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before BARDOLPH*

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight [*To BARD.*—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [*Singing.*]

A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leanan mae;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Profuse—much good may it do you.

Sil. [*Singing.*]

Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*]; and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who 's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*]

Sil. [*Singing.*]

Do me right,
And dub me knight;
Samingo.

Is 't not so?

Fal. 'T is so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. If it please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John! save you, sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows none to good.—
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in
the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think he be; but goodman Puff of
Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I prithee now, deliver them like a man of this
world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [*Sings.*]

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap:

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament, therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir, you come with
news from the court, I take it there is but two ways;
either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir,
under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth;
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe unto my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
Where is the life that late I led? say they;
Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 *Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me: and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I war-

rant her; there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I would the fruit of her womb might miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner: if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Yes; come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou anatomy, thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 Bead. Very well. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom. It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation. [Exeunt Grooms.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But it is no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness in affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. "T is *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: "T is all in every part.

Shal. "T is so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;
Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the KING and his Train, the CHIEF JUSTICE among them.

Fal. Save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. Save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits; know you what 't is you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men:

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not that I am the thing I was:

For Heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on. *[Exeunt KING and his Train.]*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to
let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not
you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him:
look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not
your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall
make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how; unless you
should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with
straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five
hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that
you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come,
lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent
for soon at night.

*Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the CHIEF JUSTICE,
Officers, &c.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pist. "Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta."

[Exeunt FAL., SHAL., PIST., BARD., PAGE, and Officers.]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;

But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence ? [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

[*Spoken by a Dancer.*]

First, my fear ; then, my court'sy ; last, my speech.
My fear is, your displeasure ; my court'sy, my duty ;
and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a
good speech now, you undo me : for what I have to say
is of mine own making ; and what, indeed, I should say,
will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the pur-
pose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as
it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a dis-
pleasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to pro-
mise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you
with this ; which if, like an ill venture, it come un-
luckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose.
Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit
my body to your mercies : bate me some, and I will
pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you
infinitely.

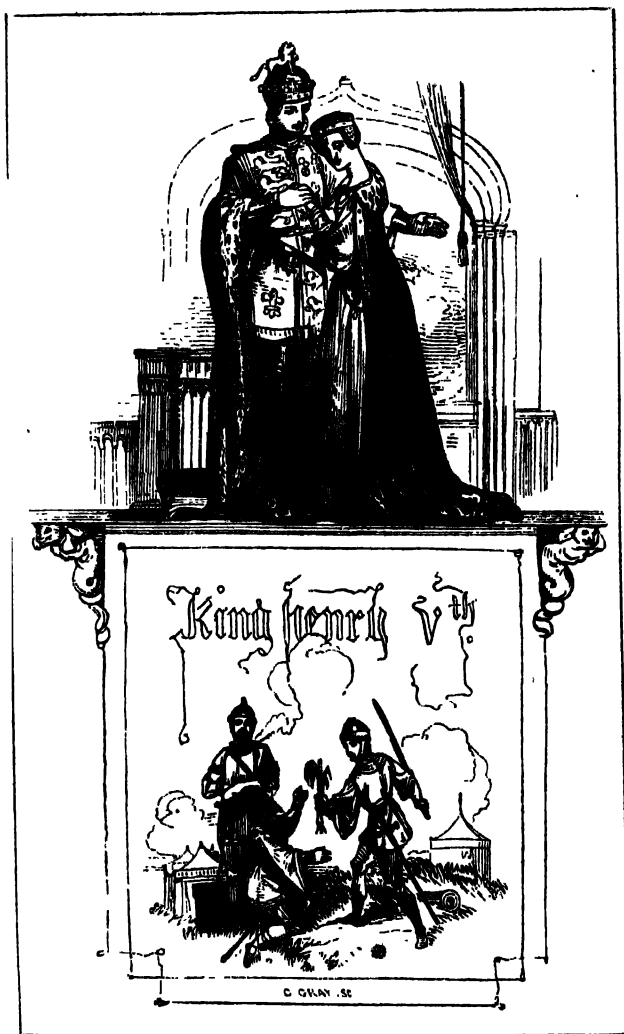
If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will

you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

END OF

KING HENRY IV.—PART II.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'HENRY V.' was first printed in 1600. This copy differs most materially from the text of the folio. The play runs only to 1800 lines; whilst the lines in the folio edition amount to 3500. Not only is the copy thus augmented by the additions of the choruses and new scenes, but there is scarcely a speech, from the first scene to the last, which is not elaborated. In this elaboration the old materials are very carefully used up; but they are so thoroughly refitted and dovetailed with what is new, that the operation can only be compared to the work of a skilful architect, who, having an ancient mansion to enlarge and beautify, with a strict regard to its original character, preserves every feature of the structure, under other combinations, with such marvellous skill, that no unity of principle is violated, and the whole has the effect of a restoration in which the new and the old are undistinguishable.

"Shakspeare," says Frederick Schlegel, "regarded the drama as entirely a thing for the people; and, at first, treated it throughout as such. He took the popular comedy as he found it, and whatever enlargements and improvements he introduced into the stage were all calculated and conceived according to the peculiar spirit of his predecessors, and of the audience in London."* This is especially true with regard to Shakspeare's Histories. In the case of the 'Henry V.'

* Lectures on the History of Literature, vol. ii.

it appears to us that our great dramatic poet would never have touched the subject, had not the stage previously possessed it in the old play of 'The Famous Victories.' 'Henry IV.' would have been perfect as a dramatic whole, without the addition of 'Henry V.' The somewhat doubtful mode in which he speaks of continuing the story appears to us a pretty certain indication that he rather shrunk from a subject which appeared to him essentially undramatic. It is, however, highly probable that, having brought the history of Henry of Monmouth up to the period of his father's death, the demands of an audience who had been accustomed to hail "the madcap Prince of Wales" as the conqueror of Agincourt compelled him to "continue the story." Having hastily met the demands of his audience by the first sketch of 'Henry V.,' as it appears in the quarto editions, he subsequently saw the capacity which the subject presented for being treated in a grand lyrical spirit. Instead of interpolating an under-plot of petty passions and intrigues,—such, for the most part, as we find in the dramatic treatment of an heroic subject by the French poets,—he preserved the great object of his drama entire by the intervention of the chorus. Skillfully as he has managed this, and magnificent as the whole drama is as a great national song of triumph, there can be no doubt that Shakspeare felt that in this play he was dealing with a theme too narrow for his peculiar powers. The subject is altogether one of lyric grandeur; but it is not one, we think, which Shakspeare would have chosen for a drama.

And yet how exquisitely has Shakspeare thrown his

dramatic power into this undramatic subject! The character of the King is altogether one of the most finished portraits that has proceeded from this master-hand. It could, perhaps, only have been thoroughly conceived by the poet who had delineated the Henry of the Boar's Head, and of the Field of Shrewsbury. The surpassing union, in this character, of spirit and calmness, of dignity and playfulness, of an ever-present energy, and an almost melancholy abstraction,—the conventional authority of the king, and the deep sympathy, with the meanest about him, of the man,—was the result of the most philosophical and consistent appreciation by the poet of the moral and intellectual progress of his own Prince of Wales. And let it not be said that the picture which he has painted of his favourite hero is an exaggerated and flattering representation. The extraordinary merits of Henry V. were those of the individual; his demerits were those of his times. It was not for the poet to regard the most popular king of the feudal age with the cold and severe scrutiny of the philosophical historian. It was for him to embody in the person of Henry V. the principle of national heroism; it was for him to call forth "the spirit of patriotic reminiscence." Frederick Schlegel says, "The feeling by which Shakspeare seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of nationality." But how different is his nationality from that of ordinary men! It is reflective, tolerant, generous. It lives not in an atmosphere of falsehood and prejudice. Its theatre is war and conquest; but it does not hold up war and conquest as fitting objects for nationality to

dedicate itself to, except under the pressure of the most urgent necessity. Neither does it attempt to conceal the fearful responsibilities of those who carry the principle of nationality to the last arbitrement of arms; nor the enormous amount of evil which always attends the rupture of that peace, in the cultivation of which nationality is best displayed.

In the inferior persons of the play—the comic characters—the poet has displayed that power which he, above all men, possesses, of combining the highest poetical conceptions with the most truthful delineations of real life. In the amusing pedantry of Fluellen, and the vapourings of Pistol, there is nothing in the slightest degree incongruous with the main action of the scene. The homely bluntness of the common soldiers of the army brings us still closer to a knowledge of the great mass of which a camp is composed. Perhaps one of the most delicate but yet most appreciable instances of Shakspeare's nationality, in all its power and justice, is the mode in which he has exhibited the characters of these common soldiers. They are rough, somewhat quarrelsome, brave as lions, but without the slightest particle of anything low or grovelling in their composition. They are fit representatives of the "good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England." On the other hand, the discriminating truth of the poet is equally shown in exhibiting to us three arrant cowards in Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph. His impartiality could afford to paint the bullies and blackguards that even our nationality must be content to reckon as component parts of every army.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY V.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.

DUKE OF GLOSTER, *brother to the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1;
sc. 3; sc. 7; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, *brother to the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV.
sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.

DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 7; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.

BISHOP OF ELY.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, *a conspirator against the King.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

LORD SCROOP, *a conspirator against the King.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

SIR THOMAS GREY, *a conspirator against the King*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, *an officer in King Henry's army.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

GOWER, *an officer in King Henry's army.*

*Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1 · sc. 7; sc. 8.
Act V. sc. 1.*

FLUELLEN, *an officer in King Henry's army.*

*Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 8
Act V. sc. 1.*

MACMORRIS, *an officer in King Henry's army.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 2.

JAMY, *an officer in King Henry's army.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 2.

BATES, *a soldier in King Henry's army.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

COURT, *a soldier in King Henry's army.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

WILLIAMS, *a soldier in King Henry's army.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 8.

NYM, *formerly servant to Falstaff, now soldier in King Henry's army.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.

BARDOLPH, *formerly servant to Falstaff, now soldier in King Henry's army.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.

PISTOL, *formerly servant to Falstaff, now soldier in King Henry's army.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2 ; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

Boy, *servant to Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 4.

A Herald.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 8.

Chorus.

Appears, Act I. Act II. Act III. Act IV. Act V.

CHARLES VI., *King of France.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5 ; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 5.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Appears, Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 5.

DUKE OF BOURBON.

Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 5.

THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5 ; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 5.

RAMBURES, *a French lord.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 7.

GRANDPRÉ, *a French lord.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

Governor of Harfleur.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

MONTJOY, *a French herald.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 3 ; sc. 7.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

Appear, Act I. sc. 2.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

KATHARINE, *daughter of Charles and Isabel.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

ALICE, *a lady attending on the Princess Katharine.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

QUICKLY, *Pistol's wife, an hostess.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 3.

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers,
Messengers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—IN ENGLAND AND IN FRANCE.

KING HENRY V.

CHORUS.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
 Crouch for employment. But, pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
 So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O the very casques
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
 Attest, in little place, a million;
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces work:
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance:
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:

For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass ; For the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history ;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,

Which, in the eleventh year of the last king's reign,
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd.
But that the scrambling^a and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside
A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

^a *Scrambling time* is the disorderly time in which authority is unrespected.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too : yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him ;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made :
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance,^a scouring faults ;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate :
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study :
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music :
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric :
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain :
His companies^b unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;

^a *Currance* is the French *courance*, from which we have compounded *concurrance* and *occurrence*.

^b *Companies* is here used for *companions*.

And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so ; for miracles are ceas'd ;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no ?

Cant. He seems indifferent :
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us :
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation ;
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord ?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty ;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done)
The severals,* and unhidden passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms ;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

* *Severals.* The plural noun has the force of our modern details.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and BISHOP
OF ELY.*

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed:
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, ^a whose right

^a *Miscreate*—spurious.

Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to :
Therefore take heed how you impawn^a our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war :
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed :
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord :
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Can. Then hear me, gracious sovereign ; and you
peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
To this imperial throne :—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
“ In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,”
“ No woman shall succeed in Salique land :”
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze^b
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe :
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French ;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,

^a *Impawn.* A pawn and a gage are the same. To “ impawn our person ” is equivalent, therefore, to engage our person.

^b *Gloze.* The verb to gloze, to gloss (whence *glossary*), is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *glesan*, to explain.

For some dishonest ^a manners of their life,
 Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
 Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
 Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France;
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land
 Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
 After defunction of king Pharamoud,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great
 Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Loraine, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
 To find ^b his title, with some shows of truth,
 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
 Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the great: Also king Lewis the tenth,^c

^a *Dishonest*. So the folio and quartos. Capell has introduced the word *unhonest* into his text, because that word occurs in the original edition of Holinshed, 1577. In the edition of 1586 the word is changed to *dishonest*. Shakspeare used the language nearest his time.

^b *To find his title*. We have an analogous expression, to *find* a bill.

^c This Lewis was the ninth. Shakspeare found the mistake in Holinshed.

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Loraine :
By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female ;
So do the kings of France unto this day :
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female ;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbar^a their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make
this claim ?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;
Look back into your mighty ancestors :
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the black prince ;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France ;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain

^a *Imbar.* To bar is to obstruct ; to imbar is to bar in, to secure.

With half their forces the full pride of France ;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action !^a

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their seats :
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne ;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Eze. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause, and means,
and might :

So hath your highness ; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects ;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right :
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your aucestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches,^b gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,

^a *Cold for action.* The converse of "*hot for action.*"

^b *Marches*—the boundaries of England and Scotland—the borders.

Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us ;
For you shall read, that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force ;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays ;
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns :
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
my liege :

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots ; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings ;
And make your chronicles as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sumless treasures.

West. But there 's a saying, very old and true,—

“ If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin ;”

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs ;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To taint and havoc more than she can eat.

Eze. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home :
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity ;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home :
For government, through high, and low, and lower,

Put into parts, doth keep in one concent;
Congreering in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesties, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once asfoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.

If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The KING ascends his throne.*]

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.*

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,

* *Waxen epitaph*—a perishable epitaph of wax:—not worshipped even with a waxen epitaph. The opposition of *wax* and *marble* was a familiar image in the old poets.

Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
 Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
 In answer of which claim, the prince our master
 Says, that you savour too much of your youth ;
 And bids you be advis'd, there 's nought in France
 That can be with a nimble galliard^a won :
 You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
 This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,
 Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
 Hear no more of you. This the dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle ?

Exc.

Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the dauphin is so pleasant with
 us ;

His present, and your pains, we thank you for :
 When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
 We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard :
 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
 That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
 With chaces. And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valued this poor seat of England ;
 And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
 To barbarous licence ; as 't is ever common,
 That men are merriest when they are from home.
 But tell the dauphin,—I will keep my state ;
 Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France :
 For that I have laid by my majesty,
 And plodded like a man for working-days ;
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,

^a *Galliard*—an ancient dance ;—"a swift and wandering dance," as Sir John Davis has it

Yea, strike the dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down:
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the dauphin's scorn
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the dauphin, I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us but France;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We 'll chide this dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
(If hell and treason hold their promises,)
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play.

The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;
The king is set from London ; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton :
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit :
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
We 'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Eastcheap.

Enter Nym and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France; let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and MRS. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike,^a call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not here. Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph—

Bard. Good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland.

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.
[*Sheathing his sword.*]

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may say, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may say; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore exhale. [*Pistol and Nym draw.*]

^a *Tike.* We have still the word, which signifies a common dog—a mongrel.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. *[Draws.]*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that 's the word?—I defy thee again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,

Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:

I have, and I will hold the *quondam* Quickly

For the only she: and—*Pauca*, there 's enough. Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan; 'faith, he 's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[Exeunt Mrs. Quick, and Boy.]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Southampton. *A Council Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge, and my kind lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair concent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True : those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey ; and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thank-
fulness ;
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person : we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on ;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security :
Let him be punish'd, sovereign ; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us ?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear
care

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French
causes ;

Who are the late commissioners ?

Cam. I one, my lord ;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours ;

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham ; and, sir knight, Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours : Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness. My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter, We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen ? What see you in those papers, that you lose So much complexion ?—look ye, how they change ! Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there, That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood Out of appearance ?

Cam. I do confess my fault ;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey, Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters ! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour ; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O !
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop ; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,

Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use;
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason, and murther, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them :
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murther :
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistening semblances of piety ;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou : Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou : Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou : Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou : Or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,

And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither—

Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem :

And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,

To mark the full-fraught man and best indued,

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;

For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like

Another fall of man.—Their faults are open.

Arrest them to the answer of the law ;

And God acquit them of their practices !

Exc. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd ;

And I repent my fault more than my death ;

Which I beseech your highness to forgive,

Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce ;

Although I did admit it as a motive,

The sooner to effect what I intended :

But God be thanked for prevention ;

Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,

Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice

At the discovery of most dangerous treason,

Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

Prevented from a damned enterprise :

My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,

Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ;

Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,

His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* Conspirators, *guarded*.

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings;—we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.—London. *Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH,
and Boy.

Quick. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is,
either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; ^a 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbl'd of green fields. How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation: 't was a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said it was a black soul hurrying in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.

^a *Christom child.* Children dying under the age of a month were called *chrisoms* in the old bills of mortality. Mrs. Quickly's "christom" is one of her emendations of English.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay;"
Trust none:

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals."*a*—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but,
adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—France. *A Room in the French
King's Palace.*

*Enter the French KING attended; the DAUPHIN, the
DUKE OF BURGUNDY, the CONSTABLE, and others.*

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power
upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, prince dauphin,—with all swift despatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce

a Clear thy crystals—dry thine eyes.

As waters to the sucking of a gulf
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe :
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France ;
And let us do it with no show of fear ;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince dauphin !
You are too much mistaken in this king :
Question, your grace, the late ambassadors,—
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,—
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent.
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable,
But though we think it so, it is no matter :
In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems :

So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,^a
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong ;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths :
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales ;
Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go,
and bring them.

[Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.]

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit : for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to
threaten

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short ; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head :

^a *Projection* appears here to be used for *forecast*, *preparation*.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother of England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'T is no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,^a [*Gives a paper.*]
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you, overlook this pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head

^a *Line*—genealogy.

Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message :
Unless the dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further :
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the dauphin,
I stand here for him : What to him from England ?

Eze. Scorn and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king : and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He 'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide^a your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will : for I desire
Nothing but odds with England ; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Eze. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe :
And, be assur'd, you 'll find a difference
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now ; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain ; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

^a *Chide.* Used in its double sense of rebuke, and resound.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay ;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair
conditions :

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies ; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing :
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd : behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage,^a and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !
Grapple your minds to sternage^b of this navy ;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance :
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege :
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back ;
Tells Harry, that the king doth offer him

^a *Rivage*—the shore.^b *Sternage*. The same as *stercage*.

Katharine his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not : and the nimble gunner
With linstock ^a now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarm ; and chambers (small cannon) go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

^a *Linstock* is the *match*—the *lint* (linen) in a *stock* (stick).

Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not,
 For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL,
 and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on! to the breach, to the
 breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too
 hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives:^a
 the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song
 of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do
 abound; Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and
 die;

And sword and shield,
 In bloody field,
 Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouse in London! I
 would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

^a *A case of lives—several lives.*

Pist. And I :

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs ! avaunt, you cul-
lions. [*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould !

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage !

Abate thy rage, great duke !

Good hawcock, bate thy rage ! use lenity, sweet chuck !

Nym. These be good humours !—your honour wins
bad humours.

[*Exeunt NYM, PIST., and BARD., followed by FLU.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three
swashers. I am boy to them all three : but all they
three, though they would serve me, could not be man to
me ; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a
man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-
faced ; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights
not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet
sword ; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps
whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of
few words are the best men ; and therefore he scorns to
say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward : but
his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds ;
for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that
was against a post, when he was drunk. They will
steal anything, and call it—purchase. Bardolph stole
a lute-case ; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three
halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in
filching ; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel : I knew,
by that piece of service, the men would carry coals.
They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as

their gloves or their handkerchers : which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine ; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service : their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines ; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines ! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines : For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war ; the concavities of it is not sufficient ; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermines ; by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman ; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not ?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass as in the 'orld : I will verify as much in his peard ; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

Gow. Here 'a comes ; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous salorous gentleman, that is certain ; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions : by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the

'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I pesceoh you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline? that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you^a with gud leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 't is shame for us all: so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sa] I surely do, that is the

^a *Quit you—requite you—answer you.*

breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation, ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded*]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town? This is the latest parle we will admit: Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves; Or, like to men proud of destruction, Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier, (A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,) If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur

Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell ; mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation ?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of headly^a murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls ;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes ;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?

^a *Headly*—headstrong,—rash,—passionate; and applies to
"spoil" as well as murder.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end :
The dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy :
Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest ;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

[*Flourish.* The KING, &c., enter the town.]

SCENE IV.—Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignes ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois ?

Alice. La main ? elle est appelée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts ?

Alice. Les doigts ? ma foy, je oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; ouy, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles ?

Alice. Les ongles ? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. *Escoutez ; dites moy si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude ?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en faitz la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ; De elbow, Comment appelez vous le col ?

Alice. De nick, madame.

Kath. De nick : Et le menton ?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick : le menton, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur ; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grâce de Dieu ; et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je ; de elbow, de nick, et de sin : Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe ?

Alice. De foot, madame ; et de coun.

Kath. De foot, et de coun ? O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et

impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot et de coun neantmoins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame !

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois ; allons nous à disner. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter the French KING, the DAUPHIN, DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'T is certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord, Let us not live in France ; let us quit all, And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us,— The emptying of our father's luxury, Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters ?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards !

*Mort de ma vie ! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten * isle of Albion.*

Con. Dieu de batailles ! where have they this mettle ? Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull ? On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frowns ? Can sodden water,

* *Nook-shotten.* The "nook-shotten isle of Albion" is the isle thrust into a corner apart from the rest of the world.

A drench for sur-rein'd ^a jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor, we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed
him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames,
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys; whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—

^a *Sur-rein'd*—over-rein'd—over-worked.

And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march ;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement,* offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Mont-
joy;

And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give
Prince dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all ;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised and pleased!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent disciplines. There is an ancient there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark

* *For achievement.* This word *achievement* had probably some more precise meaning in the old chivalry than we now attach to it.

Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world: but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom^a valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

^a *Buxom*—obedient, disciplined.

With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach :
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why, then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at : for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions ; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damned ; and *figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain !

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal ; I remember him now ; a bawd ; a cutpurse.

Flu. I 'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day : But it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue ; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names : and they will learn you by rote where services were done ;—at such and such a sconce,* at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on ; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths : And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on ! But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvelously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower,—I do perceive

* *Sconce* is used in the sense of a fortification by Milton and Clarendon.

he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well, then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur: but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom: which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth, (Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,) My people are with sickness much enfeebled; My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have Almost no better than so many French, Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,

That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before,* tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle as we are:
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it;
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit* MONTJOY.]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in
theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night,—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the CONSTABLE of France, the LORD RAMBURES,
the DUKE OF ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, and others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—
'Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my
horse have his due.

* *God before*—God being my guide. The same expression,
when used to a parting friend, implied, God be thy guide. The
"prevent us, O Lord" of the Liturgy is *go before us*.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord nigh constable, you talk of horse and armour.

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He 's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 't is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on: and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus:—"Wonder of nature,"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought, yesterday, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight trossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier*: thou makest use of anything.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously; and 't were more honour some were away.

Con. E'en as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you nave them.

Dau. 'T is midnight, I 'll go arm myself. [Exit.

Orl. The dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What 's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it, but his lackey: 't is a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that ~~wit~~—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed; there stands ~~your~~ friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foulish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great

meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm : Come, shall we about it ?

Orl. It is now two o'clock ; but, let me see,—by ten, We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur, and the pining dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire: and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's number'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;

Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile :
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night :
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold (as may unworthiness define)
A little touch of Harry in the night .
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
Where (O for pity !) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous—
The name of Agincourt : Yet, sit and see ;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp at Agincourt.**Enter* KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.*K. Hen.* Gloster, 't is true that we are in great danger;

The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress us^a fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.*K. Hen.* 'T is good for men to love their present pains,

Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,

^a *Dress us.* To dress is to set in order—to prepare.

Commend me to the princes in our camp ;
Do my good-morrow to them ; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege. [*Exeunt GLO. and BED.*]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace ?

K. Hen. No, my good knight ;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England :
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry !

[*Exit ERPINGHAM.*]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speak'st
cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va la ?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me ; Art thou officer ?
Or art thou base, common, and popular ?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike ?

K. Hen. Even so : What are you ?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king 's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame ;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant :

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What 's thy name ?

K. Hen. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy !* a Cornish name ; art thou of Cornish
crew ?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen ?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I 'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend ?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee, then !

K. Hen. I thank you : God be with you !

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [Exit.

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen !

Flu. So ! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer.^a It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept : if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp ; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud ; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb ; in your own conscience now ?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

^a *Fewer.* To "*speaking few*" is a provincial phrase, meaning to *speaking low*—and therefore proper in the mouth of Fluellen. Gower with equal propriety answers "I will speak *lower*."

Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing;^a therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience

^a *Mounted* and *stoop* are terms of falconry.

of the king; I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That 's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor

the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death they have borne life away; and where they would be safe they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of these impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'T is certain, every man that dies ill the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dardest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dardest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king:

We must bear all.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?

And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth?

What is thy soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;

I am a king that find thee; and I know,

'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,

The farced title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of this world,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;

Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressful bread :
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse ;
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave :
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winning up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight, ' Collect them all together at my tent :
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !
Possess them not with fear ! Take from them now
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers !
Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day ! Think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown !
I Richard's body have interred new ;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold
Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth ;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege !

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice ?—Ay ;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee :—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*

Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour ; up, my lords.

Dau. *Montez à cheval* :—My horse ! *valet ! lacquay !*
ha !

Orl. O brave spirit !

Dau. *Via !—les eaux et la terre—*

Orl. *Rien puis ? l'air et le feu—*

Dau. *Ciel ! cousin Orleans.—*

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable !

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides ;
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt^a them with superfluous courage : Ha !

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses'
blood ?

How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !

^a The active verb *to doubt* is constantly used by the old writers as an equivalent for *to awe*

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe:
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What 's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonaunce and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrout in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit^a

^a *Gimmel bit*—double bit; from *gem-milus*.

Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon.^a To the field:
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There 's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I 'll to my charge:
 If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully;—my noble lord of Bedford,
 My dear lord Gloster, and my good lord Exeter
 And my kind kinsman, warriors all—adieu!

^a *Guidon.* "The ordinary reading is—

"I stay but for my guard. On, to the field."

One cannot see how the banner taken from a trumpet would be a substitute for the Constable's *guard*. The *guidon* was a leader's standard. We have no hesitation in changing the original text in this very satisfactory instance of the necessity of emendation.

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go
with thee!

Ecc. Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day;
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What 's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is saint Crispian :
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars :
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day : Then shall our names
Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick the king, Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd :
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered :
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward
now !

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from Eng-
land, coz ?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle !

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places : God be with you all !

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow :
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee—thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now ?

Mont. The constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back ;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus ?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work :
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd ; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven ;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English ;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly :—Till the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day :
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field ;
There 's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry :
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim :
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They 'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour ;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald ;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints :
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well :
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.]

K. Hen. I fear, thou wilt once more come again for a
ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march
away :—
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

*Alarums ; Excursions. Enter French Soldier, Pistol,
and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de
bonne qualité.

Pist. Quality! Calen o Custure me. Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman :—
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark ;—
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,^a
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de
ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez; Comment estes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I 'll fer him, and firik him, and
ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret,
and firik.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites
vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette
heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant.
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

^a *Fox*—a cant word for a sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison ; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cent escus.

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life : he is a gentleman of a good house ; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *P'tit monsieur, que dit-il ?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier ; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens : et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks : and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—

Follow me.

[*Exit PISTOL.*

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.* [*Exit French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart : but the saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger ; and they are both hanged ; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp : the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMHURES, and others.

Con. O diable !

Orl. O seigneur !—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !

Dau. Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded, all !

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune !—*
Do not run away. *[A short alarum.]*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame !—let 's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame !

Let 's die in honour : Once more back again ;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !

Let us, on heaps, go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,

To smother up the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I 'll to the throng ;

Let life be short ; else shame will be too long. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and Forces ; EXETER, and others, with prisoners.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen :

But all 's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Eze. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Eze. In which array (brave soldier!) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud,—“Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry!”

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,

And with a feeble gripe, says,—“Dear my lord,

Commend my service to my sovereign.”

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,

And all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen.

I blame you not;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarm.*

But, hark! what new alarm is this same?—

The French have reforc'd their scatter'd men:—

Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 't is expressly against the law of arms: 't is as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'T is certain there 's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name where Alexander the pig was porn?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well,

Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know), in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY with a part of the English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Ere. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king,
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men:
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it.
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please
your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack
prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles,
fought a most prave battell here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true : if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps ; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service ; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour : For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that : Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too !

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it ; I will confess it to all the world : I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so !—Our heralds go with him ; Bring me just notice of the numbers dead On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY and others.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap ?

Will. An 't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman ?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night : who, if 'a live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear : or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen ? is it fit this soldier keep his oath ?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [Exit.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once: an please Got of his grace that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [Exit.

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels :
 The glove which I have given him for a favour
 May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear ;
 It is the soldier's ; I, by bargain, should
 Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick :
 If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
 By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,)
 Some sudden mischief may arise of it ;
 For I do know Fluellen valiant,
 And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
 And quickly will return an injury :
 Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
 Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exitunt.]

SCENE VIII.—*Before King Henry's Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king : there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove ?

Flu. Know the glove ? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this ; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*]

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir ? you villain !

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn ?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower ; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I cnarge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him ; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier! Look, here's the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your

highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine : for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence ; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow ;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns :—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly :—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will ; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes : Come, wherefore should you be so pashful ? your shoes is not so goot : 't is a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald ; are the dead number'd ?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[*Delivers a paper.*]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle ?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king ;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt ;
Of other lords and barons, knights and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six : added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France ;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France ;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures ;
Great master of France, the brave sir Guischart Dau-

phin ;
John duke of Alencon ; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy ;
And Edward duke of Bar : of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death !
Where is the number of our English dead ?

[Herald *presents another paper.*

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire :
None else of name ; and, of all other men,
But five-and-twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other ?—Take it, God,
For it is none but thine !

Exe.

'T is wonderful !

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village :
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell
now many is killed ?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,—
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non Nobis*, and *Te Deum*;
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them : and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea : Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whistler 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way : so let him land ;
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath :
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city : he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens !
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,

How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him! much more (and much more cause)
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home:
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 't is past.
Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—France. *An English Court of Guard.**Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

Gow. Nay, that 's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower: The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not

love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*]
Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonished him.*

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Bite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat—and eat—I swear.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

* *Astonished him*—stunned him with the blow: *astonished* is still a pugilistic term, in the precise sense in which Gower uses it.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God he wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the buswife with me now? News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital Of malady of France; And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn, And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand. To England will I steal, and there I'll steal: And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars, And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Troyes, in Champagne. *An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

Enter at one door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the French KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c., the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day ;—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd)
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy ;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England ; fairly met :—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality ; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England ! That I have
labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated ; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenty, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?
Alas ! she hath from France too long been chas'd ;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies : her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair
Put forth disorder'd twigs ; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery :
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility :
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness ;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,

And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour^a
You are assembled; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniencies,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the
peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenors and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Dur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as
yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well, then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king:
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Anything in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with
them;

^a *Favour*—appearance.

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with
us;

She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATH.,
and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot
speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear
you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do
you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell wat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are
like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace,) ainsi
dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not
blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont
pleines des tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues
of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of
deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman.
I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding:
I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if

thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer: i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain: How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true: but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black

beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moy, (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)*—*donc vostre est Francc, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is 't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, ~~to~~ her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,) I get thee with scambeling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine déesse*?

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage* *flamoielle* dat is *en France*.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast

me, at the worst ; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better ; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me ? Put off your maiden blushes ; avouch the thoughts of yuor heart with the looks of an empress ; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine : which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine ; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music ; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken : therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me ?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *roy mon pere*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez ; ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure ; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baissées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she ?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is *baiser*, en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better que moy.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in Franco to kiss before they are married, would she say ?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French KING and QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind: Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectivevly, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way of my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exc. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France,

having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest :

And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up

Issue to me : that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen !

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate :—and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one !
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league ;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other !—God speak this Amen !

All. Amen !

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage;—on which
day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Exeunt.*

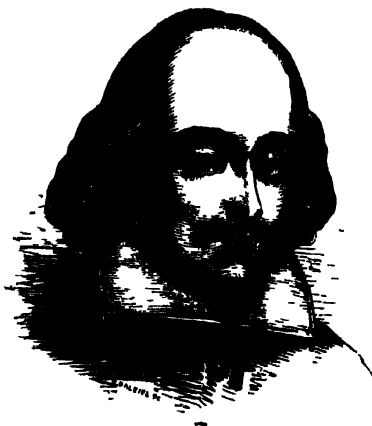
CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory
Small time, but in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England : fortune made his sword ;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed ;
Whose state so many had the managing.
That they lost France, and made his England bleed :
Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

END OF KING HENRY V.

KNIGHTS CABINET EDITION

OF



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KING HENRY VI.

PART I.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE First Part of Henry VI.' was originally printed, under that title, in the folio collection of 1623. Upon the authority, then, of the editors of that edition of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true original Copies," this drama properly finds a place in every modern edition of our poet's works. But since the time of Malone the English critics have agreed that this play is spurious; and Drake, without hesitation, refers to what Shakspeare's friends and editors denominated the Second and Third Parts of 'Henry VI.' as the First and Second Parts; and recommends all future editors, if they print this first play at all, to give it only in an Appendix. If we were in the habit, then, of taking upon trust what the previous editors of Shakspeare have authoritatively held, we should either reject this play altogether, or, if we printed it, we should inform our readers that "the hand of Shakspeare is nowhere visible throughout." We cannot consent to follow either of these courses. We print the play, and we do not tell the reader that Shakspeare never touched it. The question of the authenticity of the three parts of 'Henry VI.' is a very large one, embracing many details. In this edition we are compelled to refer the reader to our Essay on the subject, which accompanies these plays in our 'Pictorial' and 'Library' editions.

In the humble house of Shakspeare's boyhood there was, in all probability, to be found a thick squat folio volume, then some thirty years printed, in which might

be read, "what misery, what murder, and what execrable plagues this famous region hath suffered by the division and dissention of the renowned houses of Lancaster and York." This book was 'Hall's Chronicle.' With the local and family associations that must have belonged to his early years, the subject of the four dramas that relate to the dissention of the houses of Lancaster and York, or rather the subject of this one great drama in four parts, must have irresistibly presented itself to the mind of Shakspeare, as one which he was especially qualified to throw into the form of a chronicle history. It was a task peculiarly fitted for the young poet during the first five years of his connexion with the theatre. Historical dramas, in the rudest form, presented unequalled attractions to the audiences who flocked to the rising stage. He had not here to invent a plot; or to aim at the unity of action, of time, and of place, which the more refined critics of his day held to be essential to tragedy. The form of a chronicle history might appear to require little beyond a poetical exposition of the most attractive facts of the real Chronicles. It is in this spirit, we think, that Shakspeare approached the execution of the First Part of 'Henry VI.' It appears to us, also, that in that very early performance he in some degree held his genius in subordination to the necessity of executing his task, rather with reference to the character of his audience and the general nature of his subject than for the fulfilment of his own aspirations as a poet. There was before him one of two courses. He might have chosen, as the greater number of his contemporaries chose, to consider the dominions of poetry and of common sense

to be far sundered ; and, unconscious or doubtful of the force of simplicity, he might have resolved, with them, to substitute what would more unquestionably gratify a rude popular taste,—the force of extravagance. On the other hand, it was open to him to transfer to the dramatic shape the spirit-stirring recitals of the old chronicle writers ; in whose narratives, and especially in that portion of them in which they make their characters speak, there is a manly and straightforward earnestness which in itself not seldom becomes poetical. Shakspeare chose this latter course. When we begin to study the ‘ Henry VI.,’ we find in the First Part that the action does not appear to progress to a catastrophe ; that the author lingers about the details, as one who was called upon to exhibit an entire series of events rather than the most dramatic portions of them ;—there are the alternations of success and loss, and loss and success, till we somewhat doubt to which side to assign the victory. The characters are firmly drawn, but without any very subtle distinctions,—and their sentiments and actions appear occasionally inconsistent, or at any rate not guided by a determined purpose in the writer. But although the effect may be, to a certain extent, undramatic, there is impressed upon the whole performance a wonderful air of truth. Much of this must have resulted from the extraordinary quality of the poet’s mind, which could tear off all the flimsy conventional disguises of individual character, and penetrate the real moving principle of events with a rare acuteness, and a rarer impartiality. In our view, that whole portion of the First Part of ‘ Henry VI.’ which deals with the character and actions of Joan of Arc is

a remarkable example of this power in Shakspeare. He knew that, with all the influence of her supernatural pretension, this extraordinary woman could not have swayed the destinies of kingdoms, and moulded princes and warriors to her will, unless she had been a person of very rare natural endowments. She was represented by the Chroniclers as a mere virago, a bold and shameless trull, a monster, a witch;—because they adopted the vulgar view of her character,—the view, in truth, of those to whom she was opposed. *They* were rough soldiers, with all the virtues and all the vices of their age; the creatures of brute force; the champions, indeed, of chivalry, but with the brand upon them of all the selfish passions with which the highest deeds of chivalry were too invariably associated. The English Chroniclers, in all that regards the delineation of characters and manners, give us abundant *materials* upon which we may form an estimate of actions, and motives, and instruments; but they do not show us the instruments moving in their own forms of vitality; they do not lay bare their motives; and hence we have no real key to their actions. Froissart is, perhaps, the only contemporary writer who gives us real portraits of the men of mail. But Shakspeare marshalled them upon his stage, in all their rude might, their coarse ambition, their low jealousies, their factious hatreds,—mixed up with their thirst for glory, their indomitable courage, their warm friendships, their tender natural affections, their love of country. This is the *truth* which Shakspeare substituted for the vague delineations of the old stage.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VI.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1 ; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 5.

DUKE OF GLOSTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1 ; sc. 4. Act IV.
sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 5.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and Regent
of France.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great uncle to the
King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 5.

HENRY BEAUFORT, *great uncle to the King, Bishop
of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 4.

JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of Somerset ; afterwards Duke.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 4.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *eldest son of Richard, late
Earl of Cambridge ; afterwards Duke of York.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4 ; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 3 ; sc. 4.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV.
sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

LORD TALBOT, afterwards *Earl of Shrewsbury*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III.
sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7.

JOHN TALBOT, son to Lord Talbot.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7.

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 5.

Mortimer's Keeper.

Appears, Act II. sc. 5.

A Lawyer.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 7.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4.

Mayor of London.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

VERNON, of the *White Rose*, or *York*, faction.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.

BASSET, of the *Red Rose*, or *Lancaster*, faction.

Appears, Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2;
sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1. Act V.
sc. 3; sc. 4.*

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 7.
Act V. sc. 2.*

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

Governor of Paris.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.*

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

Appear, Act I. sc. 4.

General of the French Forces in Buordeaux.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

A French Sergeant.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

A Porter.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Appears, Act V. sc. 4.

**MARGARET, daughter to Reignier; afterwards married
to King Henry.**

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2;
sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.*

*Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of
the Tower, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers,
and several Attendants both on the English and
French.*

SCENE,—PARTLY IN ENGLAND, AND PARTLY IN
FRANCE.

KING HENRY VI.

PART I.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead march. Corpse of KING HENRY V. discovered, lying in state; attended on by the DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Herald, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented^a unto Henry's death!
King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings:
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

^a *Consented.* Probably the word should be spelt *concented*.
To *concent* is to be in harmony—to act together.

Ere. We mourn in black : Why mourn we not in blood ?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive :
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend ;
 And death's dishonourable victory
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What ! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
 By magic verses have contriv'd his end ?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church ! where is it ? Had not churchmen
 pray'd,
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd ;
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,
 Whom, like a schoolboy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector ;
 And lookest to command the prince and realm.
 Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh ;
 And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
 Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace !

Let's to the altar :—Heralds, wait on us :—
 Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms ;
 Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
 Posterity, await for wretched years,
 When at their mothers' moisten'd eyes babes shall
 suck ;

Our isle be made a nourish^a of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Eze. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

^a *Nourish.* Nourice, nourish, nursh, are the same words.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mis-
chance:

France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:
The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown;
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:

No leisure had he to enrank his men ;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers ;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued ;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him ;
Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he slew :
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms ;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him :
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot ! a Talbot ! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward ;
He, being in the vaward,* (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre ;
Enclosed were they with their enemies :
A base Walloon, to win the dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back ;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain ? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

3 Mess. O no, he lives ; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford .
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay :

* *Vaward*—the van. The explanation of the commentators, such as it is, we give : "When an army is attacked in the *rear*, the *van* becomes the *rear* in its turn, and of course the *reserve*."

I'll hale the dauphin headlong from his throne,—
 His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
 Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
 Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
 Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
 The English army is grown weak and faint:
 The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
 And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
 Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
 Either to quell the dauphin utterly,
 Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
 To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*]

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
 To view the artillery and munition;
 And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*]

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
 Being ordain'd his special governor;
 And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*]

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
 I am left out; for me nothing remains.
 But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
 The king from Eltham I intend to send,
 And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[*Exit.* Scene closes.]

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
 So in the earth, to this day is not known:

Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-
beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege: Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. | *Exeunt.*

Alarums. They are beaten back by the English, with
great loss. *Re-enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIG-
NIER, and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!

Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-
brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmicks or device,
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD of ORLEANS.

Bast. Where's the prince dauphin? I have news
for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer^a ap-
pall'd;

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;

What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,

For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [*Exit Bastard*] But, first,
to try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place:

Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:—

By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

[*Retires.*]

^a *Cheer*—countenance.

Enter LA PUCELLE, BASTARD of ORLEANS, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve^a on this: Thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me:

^a *Resolve*—be firmly persuaded.

And if thou vanquishest thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd : here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with fine flower-de-luces on each side;
The which, at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-
yard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight, and LA PUCELLE overcomes.*]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help
me :

Impatiently I burn with thy desire :
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be ;
'T is the French dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above :
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime, look gracious on thy prostrate
thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock ;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean ?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do
know :

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you ? what devise you on ?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants !
Fight till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says I 'll confirm; we 'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.^a
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise :
Expect Saint Martin's summer,^a halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends ;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove ?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough ?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours ;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortalis'd.

Char. Presently we 'll try :—Come, let 's away about it :

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—London. *Hill before the Tower.*

Enter, at the gates, the DUKE OF GLOSTER, with his Serving-men in blue coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day :
Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.^b
Where be these warders, that they wait not here ?
Open the gates ; 't is Gloster that calls. [*Servants knock.*]

^a *Saint Martin's summer*—fine weather in November—prosperity after misfortune.

^b *Conveyance*—theft.

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who 's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none protector of the realm but I.

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants rush at the Tower gates. Enter to the gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment,

That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?

Glo. Peel'd^a priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.^b

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;
[*Gloster and his men attack the Bishop.*

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry—a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence: Why do you let them stay?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

*Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the
Mayor of London, and Officers.*

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

^a *Peel'd*—an allusion to the shaven crown of the priest.

^b The old travellers believed that Damascus was the scene of the first murder.

Glo. Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of my wrongs.

Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here 's Gloster, too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:—

Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst cry.

Off. "All manner of men, assembled here in arms
this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge
and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to
your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle,
or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward,
upon pain of death."

Glo. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large,

Win. Gloster, we 'll meet; to thy dear cost, be
sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I 'll call for clubs, if you will not away:—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou
mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long.

[*Exeunt.*]

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will
depart.—

Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—France. *Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is
besieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by
me :

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials^a have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city ;
And thence discover how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd ;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word ;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. *[Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you ; take you no care ;
I 'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

*Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the LORDS
SALISBURY and TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANS-
DALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd !
How wert thou handled, being prisoner ?
Or by what means gutt'st thou to be releas'd ?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

^a *Espials*—spies.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
 Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
 For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.
 But with a baser man of arms by far,
 Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me;
 Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd; and craved death,
 Rather than I would be so pil'd-esteem'd.^a
 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
 But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
 If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious
 taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,
 To be a public spectacle to all:
 Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
 The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
 Then broke I from the officers that led me;
 And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
 My grisly countenance made others fly;
 None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
 So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
 That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
 That walk'd about me every minute-while;
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endure;
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
 Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
 Here, thorough this grate, I count each one,

^a *Pil'd-esteem'd.* It has been suggested to us that *pi'd* is from *pili*—"Flocci, nauci, nihili, pili."

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
 Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
 Let me have your express opinions,
 Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand
 lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town. SAL. and GAR. fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd
 us?—

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
 How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
 One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side, struck off!—
 Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
 That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
 Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
 Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
 Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
 One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand!
 Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
 Thou shalt not die, whiles——
 He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;
 As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French."—

Plantagenet, I will ; and like thee, Nero,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn :
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard ; afterwards an alarum.*]

What stir is this ? What tumult 's in the heavens ?
 Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd
 head :

The dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
 A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*SAL. groans.*]

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan !
 It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
 Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you :—
 Pucelle or *Puzzel*,^a dolphin or dogfish,
 Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
 And then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen
 dare. [*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. Before one of the Gates.*

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him in ; then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force ?
 Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them ;
 A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes :—I 'll have a bout with thee ;

^a *Puzzel*—a dirty drab.

Devil, or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee :
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,^a
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace
thee. [*They fight.*]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail ?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell ; thy hour is not yet come :
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst ; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men ;
Help Salisbury to make his testament :
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.*]

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel ;
I know not where I am, nor what I do :
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,^b
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists :
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs ;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarum.*]

Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat ;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead :
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*]

^a The superstitious belief was, that to draw blood from a witch was to destroy her power.

^b An allusion to Hannibal's stratagem, recorded in Livy, of fixing lighted twigs on the horns of oxen.

It will not be :—Retire into your trenches :
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury !
The shame hereof will make me hide my head !
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TAL. and his Forces, &c.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

*Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER,
ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls ;
Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves :—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success ?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess !—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans :
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout
the town ?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and
joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won ;
For which, I will divide my crown with her :
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramid to her I 'll rear,

Than Rhodope's, or Memphis',^a ever was :
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewell'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in : and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

^a We should probably read,

"Than Rhodope's, of Memphis."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Orleans.

Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant :
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

I Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus
are poor servitors

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces,
with scaling ladders ; their drums beating a dead
march.*

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted :
Embrace we then this opportunity ;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Centriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his
fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell !

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure ?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bur. A maid ! and be so martial !

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with
spirits:

God is our fortress; in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his
grave.

Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying St. George!*

A Talbot! and all enter by the Town.

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make
assault!

*The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter,
several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half
ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready^a so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our
beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

^a *Unready*—undressed.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens sure favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 't is sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms^a to endamage them.

^a *Platforms*—plans.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying A Talbot!
A Talbot! They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Orleans. *Within the Town.*

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain,
and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'T is thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)
Am sure I scar'd the dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;^a
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ru'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well, then, alone (since there 's no remedy)
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

^a *Lies—dwells.*

Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Ex.*]

SCENE III.—Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure^a of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is. †

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be this weak and writhled^b shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,

^a Censure—opinion.

^b Writhled—wrinkled.

I 'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she 's in a wrong belief, I go to certify her Talbot 's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, bloodthirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now thy substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconster
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *The Temple Garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this
silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud ;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, If I maintain the truth ;
Or, else, was wrangling Somersset in the error ?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law ;
And never yet could frame my will to it ;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment :
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance ;
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours ;^a and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

^a *Colours*—here used ambiguously for *deceits*.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no
more,

Till you conclude—that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;*
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not y^e finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on; Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you; [*To Som.*
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear, but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

* *Objected.* The word is not here used in the ordinary sense of *opposed*, but in its less common meaning of *proposed—suggested*.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorn this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and
thee.

Suf. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

Ivar. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Som-
erset;

His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By Him that made me, I 'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:

Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt^a from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker^b Poole, and you yourself,

^a *Exempt*—excluded.

^b *Partaker*—confederate.

I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension :^a
Look to it well ; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still :
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes ;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance^b of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear ;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition !
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. *[Exit.]*

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious
Richard. *[Exit.]*

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it !

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster :
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose :
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Lav. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. *[Exeunt.]*

^a *Apprehension*—opinion.

^b *Cognizance*—badge.

SCENE V.—*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by Two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
 Even like a man new haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:^a
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burth'ning grief;
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay,
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
 We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
 And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.
 Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
 (Before whose glory I was great in arms,
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
 I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

^a *Exigent*—end.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp :
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm
And, in that ease, I 'll tell thee my disease.^a

This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me ;

Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And aid upbraid me with my father's death :

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him :

Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,

And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew,^b that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curs'd instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was ;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will ; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.

Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard,—Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir

^a *Discuss*—uneasiness—unease.

^b *Nephew*—put generally for a relative—the Latin *nepos*.

Of Edward king, the third of that descent :
 During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
 Finding his usurpation most unjust,
 Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne :
 The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
 Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
 Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
 I was the next by birth and parentage ;
 For by my mother I deriv'd am
 From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
 To king Edward the third, whereas he
 From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
 Being but fourth of that heroic line.
 But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt,
 They labour'd to plant the rightful heir,
 I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
 Long after this, when Henry the sixth,
 Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
 Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
 From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
 Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
 Again, in pity of my hard distress,
 Levied an army ; weening to redeem,
 And have install'd me in the diadem :
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have ;
 And that my fainting words do warrant death :
 Thou art my heir ; the rest, I wish thee gather ;
 And yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me :
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic ;
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,

And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence;
 As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'ring
 doth,

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
 Only, give order for my funeral;
 And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!
 And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
 In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
 And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
 Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
 And what I do imagine, let that rest.
 Keepers, convey him hence: and I myself
 Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out MORTIMER.*

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
 Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:
 And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
 Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
 I doubt not but with honour to redress:
 And therefore haste I to the parliament;
 Either to be restored to my blood,
 Or make my ill^a the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

^a Ill—ill usage.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *The Parliament-House.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my
patience,

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,

The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissention, who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo.

As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir: For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo.

Thou art reverent,

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War.

Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"

Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aside*]

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous worm

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[*A noise within!* "Down with the tawny-coats!"]
What tumult 's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again;* "Stones! Stones!"

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!

The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and
WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,

To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*]

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty :

And ere that we will suffer such a paince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Skirmish again.*]

Glo.

Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothened brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you
preach

That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.^a—
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;

What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.*

And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.*]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet
prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:

^a A kindly gird—a reproof meant in kindness.

Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force :
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood ;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willethe Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my
foot :

And, in requerdon^a of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York :
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet ;
And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall !
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty !

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York !

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York !

[*Aside.*

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France :
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends ;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry
goes ;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER.*

^a *Requerdon*—recompence.

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
 Not seeing what is likely to ensue :
 This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
 Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
 And will at last break out into a flame :
 As fester'd members rot but by degree,
 Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
 So will this base and envious discord breed.
 And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
 Which, in the time of Henry nam'd the fifth,
 Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
 That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all ;
 And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all :
 Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
 His days may finish ere that hapless time. [Exit.

SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like
 Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
 Through which our policy must make a breach.
 Take heed, be wary how you place your words ;
 Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
 That come to gather money for their corn.
 If we have entrance (as I hope we shall),
 And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
 That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
 And we be lords and rulers over Rouen ;
 Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là ?*

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de Franco :*
 Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in ; the market-bell is rung.
 [Opens the gates.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I 'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Puc., &c., enter the city.*]

Enter CHARLES, BASTARD of ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and Forces.

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem !
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants ;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in ?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower ;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen ;
But burning fatal to the Tallotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles ! the beacon of our friend
The burning torch, in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes !

Alen. Defer no time : Delays have dangerous ends ;
Enter, and cry—" The dauphin !"—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*]

Alarums. Enter TALBOT and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy
tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.
[*Exeunt to the town.*]

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, brought in sick, in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate:

'T was full of darnel: Do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless countessan!

I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c., from the walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces,
leaving BEDFORD and others.]

Alarum: Excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE
and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight.

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay. All the Talbots in the world, to save my
life. [Exit.]

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [Ex.]

*Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA
PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c., and exeunt
flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies, and is carried off in his chair.]

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!

This is a double honour, Burgundy:

Yet, Heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects

Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle
now?

I think her old familiar is asleep:

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
gleeks?

What, all a-mort? ^a Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot pleaseeth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. The Plains near the City.*

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD, ALENÇON, LA PUCILLE,
and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:

^a *All a-mort*—dispirited.

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end. [*Drums heard.*]
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A parley sounded.*]

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,

And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on
thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof:—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty^a words of
here

^a *Haughty*—lofty—spirited.

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes
us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers:
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords,
VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and some
of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious
lord!

When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
 I do remember how my father said
 A stouter champion never handled sword.
 Long since we were resolved of your truth,
 Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
 Yet never have you tasted our reward,
 Or been requerdou'd with so much as thanks,
 Because till now we never saw your face:
 Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
 We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
 And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLO., TAL., and Nobles.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
 Disgracing of these colours that I wear
 In honour of my noble lord of York,—

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
 The envious barking of your sauncy tongue
 Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
 That whose draws a sword 't is present death,
 Or else this blow should breach thy dearest blood.
 But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
 I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
 When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;
 And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room of State.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK,
SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK,
TALBOT, *the Governor of Paris, and others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[*Governor kneels.*]

That you elect no other king but him:

Esteem none friends but such as are his friends;

And none your foes but such as shall pretend^a

Malicious practices against his state:

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[*Exeunt Governor and his Train.*]

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,

Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,

[*Plucking it off.*]

(Which I have done,) because unworthily

Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:

This dastard, at the battle of Patay,

When but in all I was six thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

^a *Pretend*—intend.

Like to a trusty squire, did run away ;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill-beseeming any common man ;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth ;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order ;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen ! thou bear'st thy
doom !

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight ;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit FAST.*]

And now, lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his
style ?

[*Viewing the superscription.*]

No more but, plain and bluntly,—“ To the king ? ”

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign ?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will ?

What 's here ?—“ I have, upon especial cause,—

[*Reads.*]

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France."
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why, then, lord Talbot there shall talk with
him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse:—

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am pre-
vented,^a

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him
straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant: Hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine: Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to
speak.—

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

^a *Prevented*—gone before—anticipated.

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn^a the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argued betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise:
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

^a *Repugn*—resist.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confound'd be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me persuade you, take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness:—Good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose.]

That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset than York :
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both :
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
 Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
 But your discretions better can persuade
 Than I am able to instruct or teach :
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace and love.
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France :
 And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together, and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will return to Calais ;
 From thence to England, where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* K. HEN., GLO., SOM.,
 WIN., SUR., and BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did ; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist he did,—But let it rest ;
 Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice :
 For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
 More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
 Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.

But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious handying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'T is much, when sceptres are in children's hands :
But more, when envy breeds unkind division ;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—France. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter :
Summon their general unto the wall.

[*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the*

General of the French Forces, and others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates ;
Be humble to us ; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects ;
And I 'll withdraw me and my bloody power :
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge !
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death :
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight :
If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee :
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,

To wall thee from the liberty of flight ;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
 To rive their dangerous antillery
 Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.
 Lo ! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit :
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,
 That I, thy enemy, due^a thee withal ;
 For ere the glass that now begins to run
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark ! hark ! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul,
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c., from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy ;—
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
 O, negligent and heedless discipline !
 How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale ;
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Max'd with a yelping kennel of French curs !
 If we be English deer, be then in blood :^b
 Not rascal-like,^c to fall down with a pinch ;
 But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody bounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :

^a *Due*—pay as due.

^b *In blood*—a term of the forest. So in 'Love's Labour's Lost':—

"The deer was, as you know, in sanguis, blood."

^c *Rascal-like*. Rascal was also a term of wood craft for a lean deer.

Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
 God, and Saint George! Talbot, and England's right!
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Plains in Gascony.*

Enter YORK, with Forces; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord: and give it out
 That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
 By your espials were discovered
 Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led;
 Which join'd with him, and made their march for
 Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
 Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
 And I am lowted* by a traitor villain,
 And cannot help the noble chevalier:
 God comfort him in this necessity!
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
 Never so needful on the earth of France,
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
 Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
 And hamn'd about with grim destruction:
 To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
 Alas, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset, who in proud heart

* *Lowted.* Malone explains this, "I am treated with contempt like a lowt."

Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
 So should we save a valiant gentleman,
 By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
 Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
 That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
 We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
 All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
 And on his son, young John; whom, two hours since,
 I met in travel toward his warlike father!
 This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
 And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
 To bid his young son welcome to his grave?

Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
 That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.

Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.

Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
 'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [Exit.

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of sedition
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
 Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss
 The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
 That ever-living man of memory,
 Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
 Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Other plains of Gascony.*

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of
 TALBOT's with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
 This expedition was by York and Talbot
 Too rashly plotted; all our general force

Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with : the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure :
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now ? sir William, whither were you sent ?

Lucy. Whither, my lord ? from bought and sold lord
Talbot ;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds :
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him
aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims ;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies ; he might have sent and had the
horse ;

I owe him little duty and less love ;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot :
Never to England shall he bear his life ;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go ; I will despatch the horsemen straight :
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue ; he is ta'en, or slain :
For fly he could not, if he would have fled ;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu !

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot ! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war ;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and 'ill-boding stars !—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided^a danger :
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse ;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight : come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot ? and am I your son ?
And shall I fly ? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me :
The world will say,—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay ; and, father, do you fly :

^a *Unavoided*—not to be avoided.

Your loss is great, so your regard should be ;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast ;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won ;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done ;
You fled for vantage, every one will swear ;
But, if I bow, they 'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb ?

John. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name ; Shall flight abuse
it ?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that
stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die ?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame ?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide :
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I ;
For live I will not if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die ;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

Alarum : Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory ! fight, soldiers, fight :
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot ?—pause, and take thy breath ;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O twice my father ! twice am I thy son :
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done ;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck
fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy ; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered ;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood ; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus : “ Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor ; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy : ”—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care ;
Art thou not weary, John ? How didst thou fare ?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry ?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead ;
The help of one stands me in little stead.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
 By me they nothing gain an if I stay,
 'T is but the short'ning of my life one day:
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
 All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart;
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 (To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse that bears me fall and die:
 And like me to the peasant boys of France;
 To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the same.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
 O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee,
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,

And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience ;
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clust'ring battle of the French :
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 His overmounting spirit ; and there died
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord ! lo, where your son is borne !

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
 O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath :
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no ;
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
 Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks ; as who should say,
 Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms ;
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood,^a
 Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !

^a *Raging wood*—raging mad.

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,—
 "Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid :"
 But, with a proud, majestic high scorn,
 He answer'd thus : "Young Talbot was not born
 To be the pillage of a giglot wench :"
 So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight ;
 See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
 Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder ;
 Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no ; forbear : for that which we have fled
 During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended ; a French Herald
 preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the dauphin's tent ;
 To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent ?

Lucy. Submission, dauphin ! 't is a mere French
 word ;

We English warriors wot not what it means.
 I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
 And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou ? hll our prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where's* the great Alcides of the field,
 Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury ?
 Created, for his rare success in arms,
 Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence ;
 Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
 Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
 Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,

* *But where's.* It appears to us that Lucy utters an exclamation of surprise when he does not see Talbot, supposing him to be prisoner.

The thrice-victorious lord of Falconbridge ;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece ;
Great marshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France ?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed !
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain ? the Frenchman's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis ?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces !
O, that I could but call these dead to life !
It were enough to fright the realm of France :
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies ; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em ; to keep them here,
They would but stink and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence :
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix that shall make all France afraid.

Char. So we be rid of them do with 'em what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein ;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity^a and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer hind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young;
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER in a Cardinal's habit.

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,

^a *Immanity*—barbarity.

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy —
“ If once he come to be a cardinal,
He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.”

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*to the Amb.*] pledge of my affection.

And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt K. Hen. and Train; Glo., Hen., and Amb.*]

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.

Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:

I 'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,

Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—France. *Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits :

'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us ;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices !

Char. What tidings send our scouts ? I prithee speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one ;
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is ;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there ;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd :—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine ;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords ; and France be fortunate !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before Angiers.*

Alarums : Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now, help, ye charming spells, and periapts ; *

And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents ! [Thunder.

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

* *Periapts*—amulets—charms.

Under the lordly monarch of the north,^a
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accusom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk about and speak not.]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their heads.]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil. *[They depart.]*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come
That France must veil her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

^a "The monarch of the North," says Douce, "was Zimmar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches."

See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the dauphin is a proper man ;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

York. Fell, banning hag ! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
stake. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in LADY
MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly ;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou ? say, that I may honour thee.

Mer. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king ;
The king of Naples ; whose'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*]

O stay !—I have no power to let her pass ;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeit'd beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind :
 Fie, De la Poole ! disable not thyself ;
 Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?
 Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,
 Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
 What ransom must I pay before I pass ?
 For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
 Before thou make a trial of her love ? [*Aside.*

Mar. Why speak'st thou not ? what ransom must I pay ?

Suf. She is beautiful ; and therefore to be woo'd :
 She is a woman ; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no ?

Suf. Fond man ! remember that thou hast a wife ;
 Then how can Margaret be thy paramour ? [*Aside.*

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random ; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom ?
 Why, for my king : Tush ! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood : it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy^a may be satisfied,
 And peace established between these realms.
 But there remains a scruple in that too :
 For though her father be the king of Naples,
 Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
 And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*

Mar. Hear ye, captain ? Are you not at leisure ?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much :
 Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
 Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd ? he seems a knight,
 And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*

^a *Fancy*—love.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now.
[*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid* for *quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*]

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord :
Consent (and for thy honour, give consent)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king ;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto ;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks ?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories ;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king :
What answer makes your grace unto my suit ?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord ;
Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her ;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king :

And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.

[*Aside.*]

I'll over then to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd ;
So, farewell, Reignier ! set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord ! Good wishes, praise, and
prayers,

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going.

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam ! But hark you, Margaret ;
No princely commendations to my king ?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty ?

Mar. Yes, my good lord ; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [Kisses her.

Mar. That for thyself ; I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[Exit REIGNIER and MARGARET.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself !—But, Suffolk, stay ;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth ;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise :
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount ;
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art ;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst beweepe him of his wits with wonder. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan ! this kills thy father's heart outright !
Have I sought every country far and near,

And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser!^a base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 't is not so;
I did beget her all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!^b
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.*

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Erit.*]

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,

^a *Miser*—wretch, miserable creature.

^b *Obstacle*—obstinate.

To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits :
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived ! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought ;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay ;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs ; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow ;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts ?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity ;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides :
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now Heaven forefend ! the holy maid with child

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought :
Is all your strict preciseness come to this ?

York. She and the dauphin have been juggling :
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to ; we will have no bastards live ;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd ; my child is none of his ;
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon ! that notorious Machiavel !
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you ;
'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man ! that 's most intolerable.

York. Why, here 's a girl ! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee :
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence ;—with whom I leave my
course :

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode !
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you ; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves !

[*Exit guarded.*]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell !

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;
And here at hand the dauphin and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect ?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquer'd ?
O, Warwick, Warwick ! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York : if we conclude a peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, BASTARD,
REIGNIER, and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling cholour chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus
That, in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself.
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by ~~such~~ means
Used intercession to obtain a league;
~~and yet~~—baneful.

And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves:

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition
stand?

Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*CHARLES, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK;
GLOSTER and EXETER following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beautiful Margaret hath astonish'd me:

Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise :
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command ;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem ;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach ?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds :
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that :
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,

The king of Naples and Jerusalem ;
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exc. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords ! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,

And not to seek a queen to make him rich :
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king :
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure^a me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [Exit.

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt GLO. and EXETER.*]

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [Exit.

^a Censure—judge.

END OF KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS drama appears in the original folio edition of Shakspeare's plays under the title of 'The Second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the Death of the Good Duke Humfrey.' In the form in which it has been transmitted to us by the editors of that first collected edition of our author, it had not been previously printed. But in 1594 there appeared a separate play, in quarto, under the following title :—'The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey, and the Banishment and Death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical End of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jack Cade, and the Duke of Yorkes first Claime unto the Croune. Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington.' This play, in the entire conduct of the scenes, and in a great measure in the dialogue, is 'The Second Part of Henry the Sixt.' But the alterations and additions are so considerable in amount that it has been doubted whether the original authorship belongs to Shakspeare. The whole dramatic conception is in the original play, and we, therefore, have no doubts upon the matter.

Sir Walter Scott somewhere speaks, through one of his characters, of the "Lancastrian prejudices" of Shakspeare. The great novelist had probably in his mind the delineation of Richard. But it would be

difficult, we think, to have conducted the entire chronicle history of the 'Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster' with more rigid impartiality. This just and tolerant view of human events and characters constitutes one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the mind of Shakspeare. Let us turn to the very first scenes of these dramas, and we shall find the character of the Lancastrian Margaret gradually displaying itself in an aptitude for bold and dangerous intrigue, founded upon her pride and impatience of a rival in authority. The Duchess of Gloster is tempted by her own weak ambition to meddle with the "limestwigs" that have been set for her. But it is the passionate hatred of Margaret, lending itself to schemes of treachery and bloodshed, that drives on the murder of the "good Duke Humphrey." With the accomplices of Margaret the retribution is instant and terrible. The banished Suffolk falls, not by the hand of the law, but by some mysterious agency which appears to have armed against him a power mightier than the law, which seizes upon its victim with an obdurate ferocity, and hurries him to death in the name of a wild and irregular justice. To the second great conspirator against the Protector the retribution is even more fearful—the death, not of violence, but of mental torture, far more terrible than any bodily pain. The justice which followed the other conspirator against Humphrey had not yet unsheathed its sword. His punishment was postponed till the battle-day of Wakefield.

The scenes of the first four acts of the Second Part of 'Henry VI.' may appear to a superficial observation to

be very slightly linked with the after-scenes of the great contest of the Roses. But it was the object of the poet to show the beginnings of faction, continued onward in the same form from the previous drama. The Protectorship was essentially a government of weakness, through the jealousies which it engendered and the intrigues by which it was surrounded. But the removal of the Protector left the government more weak, subjected as it then was to the capricious guidance of the imbecility of Henry and the violence of Margaret. Of such a rule popular commotions are the natural fruit. The author of the 'Contention,' with a depth of political wisdom which Shakspeare invariably displays, has exhibited the insurrection of Cade as a movement of the most brutal ignorance, instigated by a coarse ruffian, upon promises which could be realised in no condition of society, and for ends which proposed only such peace and security as would result from the overthrow of all rule and order. Nor are these remarkable scenes an episode only in this great dramatic history. Cade perishes, but York is in arms. The civil war is founded upon the popular tumult.

The civil war is begun. The Yorkists are in the field. The poet has delineated the character of their leader with a nice discrimination, and certainly without any of the coarseness of partisanship. He conveys to us that York is ambitious and courageous, but somewhat weak, and, to a great extent, a puppet in the hands of others. In the early scene in the Temple-garden his ambition is rashly discovered, in a war of words, commenced in accident and terminated in fruit

less passion. The full development of his ambition is the result of his estimation of the character of Henry, and his sense of the advantage which he derives from the factions which grow out of an imbecile government. But he is still only a dissembler, exciting his fancies with some shadowy visions of a crown, lending himself to the dark intrigues of his natural and avowed enemies, and calling up the terrible agency of popular violence, reckless of any consequences so that confusion be produced. The schemes of York are successful, and he is at length in arms. But he still dissembles. Passion, however, precipitates that decided movement which prudence would have avoided; and the battle of St. Alban's is the result.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VI.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 9. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, uncle to Henry VI.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.
Act III. sc. 1.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 3.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III.
sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

EDWARD, *son to the Duke of York.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

RICHARD, *son to the Duke of York.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 3.

DUKE OF SOMERSET, *of the King's party.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 9.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *of the King's party.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *of the King's party.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 9; sc. 9. Act V. sc. 1.

LORD CLIFFORD, *of the King's party.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 8; sc. 9. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Young CLIFFORD, *son to Lord Clifford, of the King's party.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

EARL OF SALISBURY, *of the York faction.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2;
sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

EARL OF WARWICK, *of the York faction.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

LORD SCALES, *governor of the Tower.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5.

LORD SAY.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 7.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

WILLIAM STAFFORD.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4.

A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's Mate.

Appear, Act IV. sc. 1.

WALTER WHITMORE.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

Two Gentlemen, *prisoners with Suffolk.*

Appear, Act IV. sc. 1.

A Herald.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4.

VAUX.

Appears, Act III. sc. 2.

HUME, *a priest*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.

SOUTHWELL, *a priest*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.

BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.

Spirit raised by Bolingbroke.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4.

THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3.

PETER, *servant to Horner*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3.

Clerk of Chatnam.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

Mayor of St. Alban's.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

SIMPCOX, *an impostor*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

Two Murderers.

Appear, Act III. sc. 2.

JACK CADE, *a rebel*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10.

GEORGE, *a follower of Jack Cade*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 7.

JOHN, *a follower of Jack Cade*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 7.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DICK, *a follower of Jack Cade.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.

SMITH, *the weaver, a follower of Jack Cade.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 7.

MICHAEL, *a follower of Jack Cade.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 9. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4.

MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a witch.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.

Wife to Simpcox.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE,—IN VARIOUS PARTS OF ENGLAND.

KING HENRY VI.,

PART II.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,—
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,

Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,

The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night,—waking, and in my dreams,—
In courtly company, or at my beads,—
With you mine alder-lieft^a sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. [*kneeling.*] Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] "Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father"—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

^a *Alder-lieft*—dearest of all.

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord ;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. " Item,—It is further agreed between them,
that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released
and delivered over to the king her father ; and she
sent over of the king of England's own proper cost
and charges, without having any dowry."

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel
down ;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
In the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick ;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in ; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief ;
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What ! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars ?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance ?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got ?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy ?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,

With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown;
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,—
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief, that they are past recovery:
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities that I got with wounds
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate.
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!

France should have torn and rent my very heart
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives :
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her !
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot ;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind ;
'T is not my speeches that you do dislike,
But 't is my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out : Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury : if I longer stay
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell ; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. | *Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy :
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all ;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords,—he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown ;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts ; be wise, and circumspect.
What, though the common people favour him,
Calling him—"Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster,"
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With—"God preserve the good duke Humphrey!"

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together with the duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Rit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
pride,

And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside;
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despise duke Humphrey, or the Cardinal.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people :
Join we together, for the public good ;
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ,
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country !

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the
main.

War. Unto the main ! O father, Maine is lost ;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last :
Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant Maine ;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WAR. and SAL.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;
Paris is lost ; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle^a point, now they are gone :
Suffolk concluded on the articles ;
The peers agreed ; and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all : What is 't to them ?
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone :
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away ;
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.

^a *Tickle*—uncertain ; the Saxon *tikel*.

Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
 As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.^a
 Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
 Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
 A day will come when York shall claim his own;
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
 And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
 Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state;
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of
 Gloster's House.*

Enter GLOSTER and the DUCHESS.

Duch. Why doops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,

^a Melsager, the prince of Calydon, died in great torments
 when his mother Althea threw into the flames the firebrand
 upon the preservation of which his life depended.

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
 Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
 What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,
 Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
 What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine:
 And, having both together heav'd it up,
 We 'll both together lift our heads to heav'n;
 And never more abase our sight so low
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
~~What~~ O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
~~Remove~~ the canker of ambitious thoughts:
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
 My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
 Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
 But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
 And, on the pieces of the broken wand
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
 And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
 This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
 That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.
 But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
 Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,

And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mer. My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure,
You should prepare to ride unto the Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.]

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

^a *Whereas* is here used in the sense of *where*.

^b *Sir John*. Hume was a priest, and receives the title even
men to his order.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferred

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of underground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from St. Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Ex. DUCH.*]

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give me words but—mum!
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch;
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:

I dare not say from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;

Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And burst these conjurations in her brain.

They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
 Well, so it stands : And thus, I fear, at last,
 Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack ;
 And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall :
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER, and others, with petitions.

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close ; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.*

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man ! Jesu bless him !

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him : I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool ; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow ? wouldst anything with me ?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me ! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [*Reading the superscription.*] "To my lord protector !" are your supplications to his lordship ? Let me see them : What is thine ?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too ? that's some wrong indeed.—What's yours ?—What's here ! [*Reads.*] "Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Mel-ford."—How now, sir knave ?

* *In the quill, or in quill, must mean written—our written petitions. In the same way in print means printed.*

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*

Q. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the petition.*
Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashions in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,

Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought king Henry had resembled thee,

In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number Ave-Maries on his beads:

His champions are the prophets and apostles;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we
Beaufort,

The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemtuously base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this:
Although we fancy not the cardinal,

Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit :
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter KING HENRY, YORK and SOMERSET conversing
with him ; DUKE and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, CAR-
DINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and
WARWICK.*

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which ;
Or Somerset, or York, all 's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd^a the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that : York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son ; and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure ;^b these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence ?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm ;
And at his pleasure will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou ?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack :
The dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas ;

^a *Denay'd*—denied.

^b *Censure*—opinion.

And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's
bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOSTER.* *The QUEEN drops her fan*
Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?

[*Gives the DUCHESS a box on the ear*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was 't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments^a in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[*Exit DUCH.*

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now: her fume needs no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Ex. BUCK.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the quadrangle,

^a *Ten commandments.* This phrase, which might more worthily
fill the mouth of a lady of the fish-market, was common to the
dramatists who wrote before the date of this play, and after.

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law :
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country !
But, to the matter that we have in hand :
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride :
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness ; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick !

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace ?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason :
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself !

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? Tell me :
What are these ?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason :
His words were these ;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown ;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words ?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter : God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones,^a my lords, [*holding up his hands*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech :—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice ; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me : I have good witness of this ; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion :
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat, in convenient place ;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice :
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; for God's sake, pity my case ! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me ! I shall never be able to fight a blow : O Lord, my heart !

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison : and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

^a *Ten bones.* This is an ancient adjuration.

SCENE IV.—*The same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL,
and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay: What else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us.
[*Exit* HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth: John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS, *above.*

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle; BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt: That I had said and done!

Boling. "First of the king. What shall of him become?" *[Reading out of a paper.]*

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.]

Boling. "What fates await the duke of Suffolk?"

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. "What shall befall the duke of Somerset?"

Spir. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid! *[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.]*

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their
Guards, and others.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—

What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this?
[Showing her the papers.]

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,

And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—

Stafford, take her to thee. *[Exit DUCHESSE from above.]*

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming:

All away! *[Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH., BOLING., &c.]*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well :

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon :
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here ?

[*Reads.*

"The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose ;
But him outlive, and die a violent death."

Why, this is just,

Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest :

"Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk ?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the duke of Somerset ?

Let him shun castles ;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand."

Come, come, my lords ;

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress toward St. Alban's,

With him the husband of this lovely lady :

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them ;

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—

Who 's within there, ho !

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Alban's.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, CARDINAL, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,^a
I saw not better sport these seven years' day :
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high ;
And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest !—
To see how God in all his creatures works !
Yea, man and birds are fain^b of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well ;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much ; he would be above the
clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal : How think you by that ?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven ?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy !

Car. Thy heaven is on earth ; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown,^c the treasure of thy heart ;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal !

^a *Flying at the brook*—flying at birds of the brook ; hawking at waterfowl.

^b *Fain*. We think that in this quotation *fain* means *glad*, in the Saxon meaning.

^c *Beat on a crown*—are intent on a crown.

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown pe-
remptory?

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

K. Hen. I prithee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 't were come to that!

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside to the CARDINAL.*]

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*]

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening, on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. How now, my lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come, with thy two-hand
sword. [*Aside to GLOSTER.*]

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown
for this,

Or all my fence shall fail.

[*Aside.*]

Car. Medice teipsum ;

Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself. [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. The winds grow high, so do your stomachs,
lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart !
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony ?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One, crying, A Miracle !

Glo. What means this noise ?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim ?

One. A miracle ! a miracle !

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight ;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd ! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

*Enter the Mayor of St. Alban's, and his brethren ; and
SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair ; his
wife and a great multitude following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king ;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd ?

Simp. Born blind, an 't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this ?

Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother thou couldst have
better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said,—“Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.”

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst
venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some
damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now; now open them:—
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and
Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that 's well said : What colour is my gown of ?

Simp. Black, forsooth ; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of ?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name ?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What 's his name ?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his ?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What 's thine own name ?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle ; and would ye not think that cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again ?

Simp. O master, that you could !

Glo. My masters of St. Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips ?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [A stool brought out.] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone ; you go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry, A Miracle!]

K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort^a of naughty persons, lewdly^b bent,—

Under the countenance and confederacy

Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout,—

Have practis'd dangerously against your state,

Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:

Whom we have apprehended in the fact;

Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

Demanding of king Henry's life and death,

^a Sort—company.

^b Lewdly—wickedly.

And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge
'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to GLOSTER.*]

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my
heart!

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers :
And vanquish'd as I am I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked
ones ;

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby !

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the fainture of thy nest ;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal :

And for my wife, I know not how it stands :

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard ;

Noble she is ; but if she have forgot

Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her my bed and company ;

And give her as a prey to law, and shame,

That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night we will repose us
here :

To-morrow toward London, back again,

To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers ;

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exit.*]

SCENE II.—London. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin : and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus—

Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons :
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales ;
The second, William of Hatfield ; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence ; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster :
The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York ;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster ;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father ;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd as king ;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm ; depos'd the rightful king ;
Sent his poor queen to France from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret ; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth ;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right ;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line

I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March :
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March :
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;
And but for Owen Glendower had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But, to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard earl of Cambridge ; who was son
To Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom : she was heir
To Roger earl of March ; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer ; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel duke of Clarence ;
So if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceedings are more plain than
this ?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son ; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails his should not reign :
It fails not yet ; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together ;
And, in this private plot,* be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign,
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's
king !

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king

* Plot—spot.

Till I be crown'd ; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster ;
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd ;
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey :
'T is that they seek ; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off ; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpet sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY ; the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife :

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great ;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's hook are adjudg'd to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again ;

[*To JOURD., &c.*]

From thence, unto the place of execution :
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the DUCH., and the other prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I beseech your majesty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and king Henry govern England's helm:
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As ere thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry, king, and Margaret
queen;

And Humphrey duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off:

This staff of honour raught :^a—There let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his
sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go :—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat ;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord ; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit ;
Here let them end it, and God defend the right !

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours drinking to him so much that he is drunk ; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it ; a drum before him : at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff ; accompanied by prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in
a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do
well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of char-
neco.^b

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer,
neighbour : drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all ;
and a fig for Peter !

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee ; and be not
afraid.

^a *Raught* means here taken away.

^b *Charneco*—the name of a wine.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master :
fight for credit of the apprentices.

Peter. I thank you all : drink, and pray for me, I
pray you ; for I think I have taken my last draught in
this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die I give thee my
apron ; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer :—and
here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord,
bless me, I pray God ! for I am never able to deal with
my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—
Sirrah, what 's thy name ?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter ! what more ?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump ! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my
man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an
honest man : and touching the duke of York, I will
take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the
king, nor the queen : And therefore, Peter, have at thee
with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell
upon Ascapart.

York. Despatch ;—this knave's tongue begins to
double.

Sound trumpets alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* They fight, and PETER strikes down his
master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold ! I confess, I confess treason.
[Dies.]

York. Take away his weapon :—Fellow, thank God,
and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God ! have I overcome mine enemies in
this presence ? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right !

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight ;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt :
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what 's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;
Uneath^a may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious^b looks still laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks:

^a Uneath—not easily.

^b Envious—malicious.

And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet^a groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trowest thou that e'er I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock,
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted:

^a *Deep-fet*—deep-fetched.

And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,*
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless,
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays:

And sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well:

The world may laugh again; and I may live
To you kindness, if you do it her.

And so, sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.]

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,

* *Scath*—harm.

For none abides with me : my joy is—death ;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence ;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man ;
There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach :
And shall I then be used reproachfully ?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare ;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame !

Sher. It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell ; thy office is discharg'd.
Come, Stanley, shall we go ?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this
sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my
sheet ;

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way ; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Abbey at Bury.*

Enter to the Parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.

K. Hen. I muse,^a my lord of Gloster is not come :
'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission,
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And should you fall he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,

^a I muse—I wonder.

Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts ;
And, when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear ;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can ;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suff. Well hath your highness seen into this duke ;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices :
Or, if he were not privy to these faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
(As next the king he was successive heir,)
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep ;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign ; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! These are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once. The care you have of
us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond
affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from
France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will
be done!

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Aside.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of
France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispersed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 't is well known, that whiles I was protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,

And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment :
Murther, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd :
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name ;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspects ;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' hand.
I know their complot is to have my life ;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness :
But mine is made the prologue to their play ;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart ;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life :
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up

My liefest^a liege to be mine enemy :
 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together.
 Myself had notice of your conventicles,
 And all to make away my guiltless life :
 I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
 The ancient proverb will be well affected,—
 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable :
 If those that care to keep your royal person
 From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
 Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
 And the offender granted scope of speech,
 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
 With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
 As if she had suborned some to swear
 False allegations to o'erthrow his state ?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant : I lose, indeed ;—
 Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false !
 And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He 'll wreat the sense, and hold us here all day :
~~And~~ cardinals, be his your prisoner.

Car. Sir, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
 Before his legs be firm to bear his body :
 Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
 And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
 Ah, that my fear were false ! ah, that it were !
 For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOUCESTER.*]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
 Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament ?

^a *Liefest*—dearest.

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—"Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none." [Exit.

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's
hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet, herein I judge mine own wit good,)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,

To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy :

But yet we want a colour for his death :

T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy :

The king will labour still to save his life ;

The commons haply rise to save his life ;

And yet we have but trivial argument,

More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that by this you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. *T* is York that hath more reason for his death.

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—

Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector ?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 't is true : and were 't not madness then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold ?

Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over,

Because his purpose is not executed.

No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

(Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,)

As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.

And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him :

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,

Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,

So he be dead ; for that is good deceit

Which mates^a him first that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done ;

For things are often spoke, and seldom meant :

^a *Mates*—destroys—confounds.

But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest :
Say, you consent, and censure well^a the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I : and now we three have spok^e it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify, that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword :
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable ;
For being green there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient^b stop !
What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither ;
'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd ;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all as thou hast done :
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin :
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

^a *Censure well*—approve.

^b *Expedient*—expeditious.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :
No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still :
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught ? nay, then a shame take all !

Som. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame !

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent ;
And what we do establish he confirms :
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off ; the day is almost spent :
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but York.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution :
Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying :
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man.

And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought;
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies
Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men :
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me :
I take it kindly ; yet, be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell :
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.^a
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes ;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,^b
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy ;
And undiscover'd come to me again,

^a *Flaw*—a sudden gust of wind.

^b *Morisco*. This term probably points at the Moorish origin of the merry-dance.

And given me notice of their villainies.
 This devil here shall be my substitute ;
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble :
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of York.
 Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured ;
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him
 Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
 Say, that he thrive, (as 't is great like he will,)
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd :
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk ; let him know
 We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we
 done ?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing ?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.

Suf. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my
 house ;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand :—

Have you laid fair the bed ? are all things well,

According as I gave directions ?

1 *Mur.* 'T is, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone !

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, LORDS, *and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight :
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Lords, take your places :—And, I pray you
all

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman !
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion !

K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret ; these words content
me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now ? why look'st thou pale ? why tremblest thou ?
Where is our uncle ? what 's the matter, Suffolk ?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord ; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend !

Car. God's secret judgment :—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The KING swoons.*]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord ?—Help, lords ! the
king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body ; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help !—O Henry, open thine
eyes !

Suf. He doth revive again :—Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God !

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord ?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign ! gracious Henry, com-
fort !

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me ?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away:—Come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most christianlike, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy;
Erect his statue then, and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but cure'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish * Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd it;
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,

* *Perish*; used actively, as *destroy*. (5)

For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.

The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murther'd
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[*WAR. goes into an inner room, and SAL. retires.*]

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;

To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :
 But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;
 And to survey his dead and earthy image,
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed : WARWICK and others standing by it.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is, to see how deep my grave is made :
 For with his soul fled all my worldly solace :
 For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
 With that dread King, that took our state upon him
 To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
 I do believe that violent hands were laid
 Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue !
 What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow ?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face !
 Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,^a
 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
 Being all descended to the labouring heart ;^b
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 But see, his face is black, and full of blood ;
 His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
 Staring full ghastly like a strangled man :
 His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling ;

^a *Timely-parted ghost.* The word *ghost* was used somewhat vaguely by the old writers ; it here undoubtedly means a *body* recently parted from the soul.

^b The adjective *bloodless*, by a licence of construction, includes the substantive—the blood “being all descended,” &c.

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'T is like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unblooded beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk; where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite; where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt CARDINAL, SOM., and others.*]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dares him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say ;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour !
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip ; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—It was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy :
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men !

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence :
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted !

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this ?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.— [*Speaking to those within.*]
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slyly glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe'r you will or no,

From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my
lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'T is like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign :
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are :
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or
we will all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care ;
And had I not been 'cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death. [*Exit SAL.*]

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk !

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say ; if thou dost plead for him
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable :
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me ;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K. HEN., WAR., Lords, &c.*]

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpents' hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st
thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,

Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,

[Kisses his hand.]

That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

Adventure to be banished myself:

And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—

O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,

Loth'er a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;

A wilderness is populous enough,

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:

For where thou art there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world;

And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;

Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I
prithe?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death :
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side ; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul :
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit VAUX.*]

Ah me ! what is this world ? what news are these ?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure ?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears ;
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows ?
Now, get thee hence : The king, thou know'st, is coming !
If thou be found by me thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee I cannot live :
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips :
Where,* from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth ;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest ;
From thee to die were torture more than death :
O let me stay, befall what may befall.

* *Where*—for *whereas*. The words were convertible

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fctful corsive,^a
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Ex. severally.*]

SCENE III.—London. *Cardinal Beaufort's
Bedchamber.*

*Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and
others. The CARDINAL in bed; Attendants with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to
thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

Var. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—

(O! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is;

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

^a *Corsive*—corrosive.

Give me some drink ; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch !
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair !

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be !
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign ; O God, forgive him !

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close ;
And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. *The Sea-shore, near Dover.*

Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other [*pointing to SUFFOLK*], Walter Whitmore, is
thy share.

1 Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Master. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand
crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

Cut both the villains' throats,—for die you shall.—

The lives of those which we have lost in fight

Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?*

* Upon the hesitation to pay ransom the captain exclaims,
"Why, think you much," &c. He then, parenthetically,

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die; [*To Sur.*
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *Water*^a I should die.

Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on SUFFOLK.*

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
[*Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?*]

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,

threatens death; and continues his half-interrogative sentence,
What, "The lives of those which we have lost in fight be counterpois'd," &c.

^a In the Incantation Scene in Act I. we have this prophecy:—

"What fates await the duke of Suffolk?

By *water* shall he die, and take his end."

It appears from this passage that *Water* was commonly pronounced *Water*.

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. " Thou dar'st not for thy own.

[*Cap.* Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?]

Cap. Poole! Sir Poole! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground:
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy^a a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd

^a To affy—to betroth.

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
 By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France :
 The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
 Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy
 Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms :
 And now the house of York,—thrust from the crown,
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
 And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
 Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
 Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
 Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus*.^a
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms :
 And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
 Is crept into the palace of our king,
 And all by thee :—Away ! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !
 Small things make base men proud : this villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
 It is impossible that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
 Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me :
 I go of message from the queen to France ;
 I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter,——

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Penè gelidus timor occupat artus* :—'t is thee
 I fear.

^a This is an allusion to the device of Edward III., which was, according to Camden, " the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud."

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:—

More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hail him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!—

Great men oft die by vile bezonians:^a

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,

Pompey the great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit Suf., with Whit. and others.*]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:—

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*]

Re-enter Whitmore, with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the king:

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

^a *Bezonian* was a term of contempt, of somewhat uncertain derivation.

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True. And yet it is said, Labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham;—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver.

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let 's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter CADE, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver, and others in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.*

[*Aside.*

Cade. —for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—
Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Montmei,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

[*Aside,*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

[*Aside.*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

[*Aside.*

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common,

* A cade of herrings, according to an old monastic account, is a cask containing somewhat more than half a barrel.

and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)——

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H' as a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;—'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently: Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his brother, with drum and Forces.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this groom; The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: Therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not; It is to you, good people, that I speak, Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer; And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this :—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,

Married the duke of Clarence' daughter :—Did he not ?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question ; but, I say, 'tis true :
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away ;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age :
His son am I ; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true ; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it ; therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what ?

All. Ay, marry, will we ; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught
you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*
—Go to, sirrah : Tell the king from me, that, for his
father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went
to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall
reign ; but I 'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we 'll have the lord Say's
head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason, for thereby is England
maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that
lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it
an eunuch : and more than that, he can speak French,
and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance !

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can : The Frenchmen are
our enemies : go to then. I ask but this,—can he that

speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:
And you that be the king's friends follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*]

Cade. And you that love the commons follow me.
Now show yourselves men, 't is for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most
out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of Blackheath.*

Alarum. *The two parties enter and fight, and both
the STAFFORDS are slain.*

Cade. Where 's Dick the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and
thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own
slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—
The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt
have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less.
This monument of the victory will I bear; and the

bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, reading a supplication; the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and LORD SAY, with him: at a distance, QUEEN MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me:
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade has sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam?
Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die
for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in
such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed;
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,^a
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

^a *Killingworth.* This is the old orthography of *Kenilworth*,
and is still the local pronunciation.

Join with the traitor ; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord ; away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret ; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord ; [*to LORD SAY*] trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower.*

Enter LORD SCALES, and others, on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now ? is Jack Cade slain ?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain ; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them : The lord mayor craves aid of your Honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command ;
But I am troubled here with them myself :
The rebels have essay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough :
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives ;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. Cannon-street.*

Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now,

henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there 's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same.* Smithfield.

Alarum. *Enter, on one side, CADE and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the KING's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 't will be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet. [*Aside.*]

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*]

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*]

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BAYNE, with the LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—
Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear

a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'T is *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ,
Is term'd the civill'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching* for your good.

* For watching—in consequence of watching.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the
pap of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll
be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand
steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead
him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but
I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so
well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar
under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take
him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and
then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer,
and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two
poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your
prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.
[*Exeunt some, with LORD SAY.*] The proudest peer
in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, un-

less he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?^a

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of LORD SAY and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down St. Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

^a *Upon our bills.* This is an equivocal. The bills of Cade were not bills of debt (as bonds for the payment of money, executed in the simplest form, were anciently called), but the brown bills of the rabble soldiery.

Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled ;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen ? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you ;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths ?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty !
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king ! God save the king !

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave ?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him ? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks ? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark ? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom : but you are all recreants and dastards ; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces : For me,—I will make shift for one ; and so—God's curse light upon you all !

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you 'll go with him ?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes ?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to ;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Were 't not a shame that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you ?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,

I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—*Villageois* ! unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost ;
Spare England, for it is your native coast :
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly ;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford ! a Clifford ! we 'll follow the king,
and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro
as this multitude ? The name of Henry the fifth hales
them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me
desolate. I see them lay their heads together to sur-
prise me : my sword make way for me, for here is no
staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through
the very midst of you ! and heavens and honour be
witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my
followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me
betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled ? go some, and follow him ;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Excunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers ; we 'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Excunt.*

SCENE IX.—Killingworth Castle.

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMER-
SET, on the terrace of the Castle.*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I ?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old :
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE's Followers, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He 's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

K. Hen. Then, Heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallowglasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York
distress'd;

L'ke to a ship, that having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:

But now^a is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
 And now is York in arms to second him.
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him;
 And ask him, what 's the reason of these arms.
 Tell him, I 'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
 I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
 For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
 As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern
 better;
 For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish!¹ These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me. But now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet^b my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when

^a But now—just now.

^b *Sallet*, or *sallet*—a helmet.

I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in : And now the word sallet^a must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court, And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ? This small inheritance my father left me Contenteth me, and 's worthy a monarchy. I seek not to wax great by others' waning ; Or gather wealth I care not with what envy , Sufficeth that I have maintains my state, And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him ; but I'll make the heat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be, I know thee not : Why then should I betray thee ? Is 't not enough to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms ?

Cade. Brave thee ? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well : I have eat no meat these five days : yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes on mine,

^a *Sallet*, or *salad*—a herb which is eaten salted—*salada*.

See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight. CADE falls.*] O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory:
Tell Kent from me she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

[*Dies.*]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the body.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours : his Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head :
Ring, bells, aloud ; burn, bonfires, clear and bright ;
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas* ! who would not buy thee dear ?
Let them obey that know not how to rule ;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold :
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I 'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here ? Buckingham, to disturb me ?
The king hath sent him, sure : I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure ?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace ;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,

Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms ;
And how, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury !
I am far better born than is the king ;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts :
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—

[All the preceding is spoken aside.]

Buckingham, I prithee pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while ;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part :
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand ;
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner ?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all ; disperse yourselves ;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and everything you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live ;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission :
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm
to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost
bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE's head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just
art thou!—

O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy de-
gree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that 's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down: [*He kneels.*] Rise up a
knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with
the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by Heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom Heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of
these,^a
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail; [*Ex. an. Attend.*]

^a He probably points to his sons, who are waiting without;
or, it may be, to his troops.

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with
Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also,
Old CLIFFORD, and his Son.*

See, where they come; I 'll warrant they 'll make it
good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with
thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do:—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious hu-
mour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,*

That, with the very shaking of their chains,

They may astonish these fell lurking curs;

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with
Forces.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to
death,

And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn your-
selves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brainsick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?

* The bear and ragged staff was the cognizance of the Nevils.

Why art thou old and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such
an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or diguity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear, chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)

Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bearward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic,^a that's more than thou canst
tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—Saint Alban's.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

^a *Stigmatic.* This was the appellation of an offender who had been branded—upon whom a *stigma* had been set. Young Clifford insults Richard with the natural stigma of his deformity.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou
fight'st.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*]

Clif. What seest thou in me, York ? why dost thou
pause ?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 't is shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it !

Clif. My soul and body on the action both !—

York. A dreadful lay !—address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.*]

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art
still.

Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will. [*Exit.*]

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion ! all is on the rout ;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry Heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance !—Let no soldier fly :

He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love ; nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,

[*Seeing his dead father.*]

And the premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together !

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!^a Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 't is mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclains,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET, fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.^b
Sword, hold thy temper: heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

^a To cease—actively—to stop.

^b See the prediction in Act i.—

“Let him shun castles.”

Alarums : Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and others, retreating.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord ! you are slow ; for shame, away !

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens ? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of ? you 'll not fight, nor fly :

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way ; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes : but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd ;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart 's on future mischief set,
I wou^{ld} speak blasphemy ere bid you fly ;
But fly you must ; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.^a
Away, for your relief ! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*Fields near Saint Alban's.*

Alarum : Retreat. Flourish ; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him ?—
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time ;

^a *Parts—parties—party.*

And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act :
But still where danger was, still there I met him ;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to
day ;

By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard :
God knows how long it is I have to live ;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have :
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them ;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth :
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day :
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound, drum and trumpets :—and to London all :
And more such days as these to us befall ! *[Exeunt.]*

END OF KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS drama appears in the original folio collection under the title of 'The Third Part of Henry the Sixth, with the Death of the Duke of Yorke.' In 1595 was published 'The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixth, with the whole Contention between the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Servants.' Upon this drama is founded 'The Third Part of Henry VI.,' in the form in which we have received it as Shakspeare's. We believe, as in the case of the two previous dramas, and of the 'Richard III.,' which is a continuation of the History, that to Shakspeare belongs the original authorship. The schemes of York are successful, and he is at length in arms; but he still dissembles.

Shakspeare has given us every light and shadow of the partisanship of chivalry in his delineation of the various characters in these two wonderful dramas of the Second and Third Parts of 'Henry VI.' Apart and isolated from all active agency in the quarrel stands out the remarkable creation of Henry. The poet, with his instinctive judgment, has given the king a much higher character than the chroniclers assign to him. Their relations leave little doubt upon our minds that his im-

becility was very nearly allied to utter incapacity; and that the thin partition between weakness and idiocy was sometimes wholly removed. But Shakspeare has never painted Henry under this aspect: he has shown us a king with virtues unsuited to the age in which he lived; with talents unfitted for the station in which he moved; contemplative amidst friends and foes hurried along by a diatempored energy; peaceful under circumstances that could have no issue but in appeals to arms; just in thought, but powerless to assert even his own sense of right amidst the contests of injustice which hemmed him in. The entire conception of the character of Henry, in connexion with the circumstances to which it was subjected, is to be found in the Parliament-scene of 'The Third Part of Henry VI.' This scene is copied from the 'Contention,' with scarcely the addition or alteration of a word. We may boldly affirm that none but Shakspeare could have depicted with such marvellous truth the weakness, based upon a hatred of strife—the vacillation, not of imbecile cunning, but of clear-sighted candour—the assertion of power through the influence of habit, but of a power trembling even at its own authority—the glimmerings of courage utterly extinguished by the threats of "armed men," and proposing compromise even worse than war. It was weakness such as this which inevitably raised up the fiery partisans that the poet has so wonderfully depicted; the bloody Clifford—the "she-wolf of France"—the dissembling York—the haughty Warwick—the voluptuous Edward—and, last and most terrible of all, *he* that best explains his own character, "I am myself alone."

One by one the partisans that are thus marshalled by the poet in the Parliament-scene of London are swept away by the steady progress of that justice which rides over their violence and their subtlety. The hollow truce is broken. Margaret is ready to assail York in his castle; York is prepared for the field, having learned from the precocious sophist Richard how an "oath is of no moment." Now are let loose all the "dogs of war." The savage Clifford strikes down the innocent Rutland; the more savage Margaret dips her napkin in his blood. York perishes under the prolonged retribution that awaited the ambition that dallied with murder and rebellion. Clifford, to whom nothing is so odious as "harmful pity," falls in the field of Towton, where the son was arrayed against the father, and the father against the son; and the king, more "woe-begone" than the unwilling victims of ambition, moralises upon the "happy life" of the "homely swain." The great actors of the tragedy are changed. Edward and Richard have become the leaders of the Yorkists, with Warwick, "the king-maker," to rest upon. Henry has fled to Scotland; Margaret to France. Then is unfolded another leaf of that Sibylline book. Edward is on the throne, careless of everything but self-gratification; despising his supporters, offending even his brothers. Warwick takes arms against him; Clarence deserts to Warwick; Richard alone remains faithful, sneering at his brother, and laughing in the concealment of his own motives for fidelity. Edward is a fugitive, and finally a captive; but Richard redeems him, and Clarence again cleaves to him. The second

revolution is accomplished. The "king-maker" yields his "body to the earth" in the field of Barnet; Margaret and her son become captives in the plains near Tewksbury. Then comes the terrible hour to the unhappy queen—that hour which she foresaw not when she gave the "bloody napkin" to the wretched York—that hour whose intensity of suffering reached its climax of expression in "You have no children." But Richard is fled,

"To make a bloody supper in the Tower."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VI.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 6; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 6.

EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES, *son to Henry VI.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5.

LEWIS XI., *King of France.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

DUKE OF SOMERSET, *on King Henry's side.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5.

DUKE OF EXETER, *on King Henry's side.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 8.

EARL OF OXFORD, *on King Henry's side.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 8.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, *on King Henry's side.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *on King Henry's side.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

LORD CLIFFORD, *on King Henry's side.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King*
Edward IV., son to the Duke of York.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6.
 Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V.
 sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7.

EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland, son to the Duke of York.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence, son to the*
Duke of York.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV.
 sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4;
 sc. 5; sc. 7.

RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloster, son to the*
Duke of York.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4;
 sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V.
 sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7.

DUKE OF NORFOLK, *of the Duke of York's party.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2.

MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE, *of the Duke of York's party.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6.
 Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 1.

EARL OF WARWICK, *of the Duke of York's party.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6. Act III.
 sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

EARL OF PEMBROKE, *of the Duke of York's party.*
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

LORD HASTINGS, *of the Duke of York's party.*
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 7.

LORD STAFFORD, *of the Duke of York's party.*
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, *uncle to the Duke of York.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

SIR HUGH MORTIMER, *uncle to the Duke of York.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 6.

LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 7.

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

Tutor to Rutland.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

Mayor of York.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 7

Lieutenant of the Tower.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 6.

A Nobleman.

Appears, Act III. sc. 2.

Two Keepers.

Appear, Act III. sc. 1.

A Huntsman.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5.

A Son that has killed his Father.

Appears, Act II. sc. 5.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Father that has killed his Son.

Appears, Act II. sc. 5.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5.

LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 7.

BONA, *sister to the French Queen.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

*Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and
King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.*

SCENE,—DURING PART OF THE THIRD ACT, IN
FRANCE; DURING ALL THE REST OF THE PLAY,
IN ENGLAND.

KING HENRY VI.,

PART III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *The Parliament-House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK's Party break in. Then enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous :
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*]

Mont. And, brother, here 's the earl of Wiltshire's
blood, [To YORK, showing his.

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the DUKE OF SOMERSET's head.*]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I, victorious prince of York.

Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat : possess it, York ;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfolk. We 'll all assist you ; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my
lords ;—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the king comes offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce. [*They retire.*]

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council :

By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall thus be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king ;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.

I 'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares :—

Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[*WAR. leads YORK to the throne, who seats himself*]

York. It was my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Ere. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of
York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more: lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless
threats!

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer, earl of March;
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you lose :—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so ; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother [to York], as thou lov'st and honourest arms,

Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace !

K. Hen. Peace thou ! and give king Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first :—hear him, lords ;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat ?

No : first shall war unpeople this my realm ;

Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow—

Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords ?

My title 's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'T was by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say ; my title 's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ?

York. What then ?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king :
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth ;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown ?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 't is not thy southern
power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one
word;—

Let me, for this my lifetime, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War. What good is this to England, and himself!

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt NORTH., CLIF., and WEST.*]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exc. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may:—I neere entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

And neither by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[*Coming from the throne.*]

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exc. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Senet. The Lords come forward.*]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

Norfolk. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt YORK and his Sons, WAR., NORF.,
MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray^a her
anger :

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [Going.]

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet
son;

The earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be
forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,

^a *Bewray*—discover.

And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour:
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be; to thy soul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get
thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with
me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE.]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke;
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:

I 'll write unto them, and entreat them fair ;—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exc. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife ?
What is your quarrel ? how began it first ?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what ?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us ;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy ? not till king Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken :
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No ; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be if I claim by open war.

Rich. I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears :
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
 How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
 Within whose circuit is Elysium,
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
 Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest,
 Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
 Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough ; I will be king, or die.
 Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
 And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
 Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
 And tell him privily of our intent.
 You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :
 In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,
 Witty,^a courteous, liberal, full of spirit
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
 But that I seek occasion how to rise,
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster ?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay ; What news ? why com'st thou in such post ?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your castle :
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What ! think'st thou
 that we fear them ?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;
 My brother Montague shall post to London :
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
 And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

^a *Witty*—of sound judgment—of good understanding.

Mont. Brother, I go ; I 'll win them, fear it not :
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles !
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour ;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we 'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men ?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman 's general ; what should we fear ?

[*A march afar off.*]

Edw. I hear their drums ; let 's set our men in order ;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty !—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one ;

Why should I not now have the like success ?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, 'whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands ?
Ah, tutor ! look where bloody Clifford comes !

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away ! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford ! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers*]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's
blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—

[*Lifting his hand.*]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray: Sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: Why wilt thou slay
me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[*Clif. stabs him.*

Rut. Diis faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ! [*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Alarum. Enter York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field;
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried,—“Courage, father! fight it out!”
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—“Charge! and give no foot of ground!”
And cried,—“A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!”
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd^a again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,

^a *Bodg'd.* Johnson would read *budg'd.* Steevens thinks that *bodg'd* here means “we boggled, made bad or bungling work of our attempt to rally.”

And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarm within.*]

Al! hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBER-
LAND, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*]

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much
 To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
 What valour were it when a cur doth grin
 For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
 When he might spurn him with his foot away?
 It is war's prize to take all vantages;
 And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
 So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him
 now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumber-
 land,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here;
 That taught^a at mountains with outstretched arms,
 Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
 What! was it you that would be England's king?
 Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,
 And made a preachment of your high descent?
 Where are your mess of sons, to back you now?
 The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
 And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
 Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
 Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
 Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
 Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
 That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
 Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
 And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
 Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.

^a *Raught.* The ancient preterite of *to reach*.

I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
 What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
 Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 Thou wouldst be fce'd, I see, to make me sport;
 York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.
 A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
 Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
 And this is he was his adopted heir.
 But how is it that great Plantagenet
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
 As I bethink me you should not be king
 Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
 And will you pale^a your head in Henry's glory,
 And rob his temples of the diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?
 O, 't is a fault too, too unpardonable!
 Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
 But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

^a *Pale*—impale—encircle.

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen ;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud ;
But God he knows thy share thereof is small :
'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd ;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at :
'T is government that makes them seem divine ;
The want thereof makes thee abominable :
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide !
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish :
Wouldst have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy will :
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
blood :

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,

O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :

[*He gives back the handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears :
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas it was a piteous deed !—
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse ;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world ;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

North. Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gapes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumber-
land ?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here 's for my oath, here 's for my father's death.

[*Stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God !
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

[*Dies.*]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates ;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd ;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit ;
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news ;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news ;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.

How faies my brother ? why is he so sad ?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about ;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat :
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs :
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies ;
So fled his enemies my warlike father ;
Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a younker, prancing to his love !

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun ;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable :
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never
heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field ;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,^a
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters ;—by your leave I
speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes ;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued ;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen :
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despite ;
Laugh'd in his face ; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,

^a *Meeds*—merits.

A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee !
Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
Ah, would she break from hence ! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest :
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen ;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief :
Tears, then, for babes ; blows and revenge for me !—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with
Forces.

War. How now, fair lords ? What fare ? what news
abroad ?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears :
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards St. Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along :
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought :
But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen ;
Or whether 't was report of her success ;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge : but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards :
But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled : the king unto the queen ;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you ;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick ?

And when came George from Burgundy to England ?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers :
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
fled :

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear ;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from saint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick ; blame me not ;
'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what 's to be done ?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads ?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?
If for the last, say, Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out ;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.

Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march again;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick
speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums ;— God, and Saint George, for us !

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now ? what news ?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host ;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why, then it sorts, brave warriors ; Let 's away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown :
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack ;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God ! 't is not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
Not to the heast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on ;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows :

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their youngs' defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent.
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away"?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes
are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son ;
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness :
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick backing of the duke of York ;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him :
Darraign^a your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field ;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too ; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence :
Unsheathe your sword, good father ; cry, "Saint
George !"

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry ! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head ;
Or hide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy !

^a *Darraign*—prepare.

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:

Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;

Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick!
dare you speak?

When you and I met at St. Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sunset, I 'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but everything is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,*
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel^b should be call'd the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd

* *Stigmatic.* See Note on 'Henry VI., Part II.,' Act V., Scene I.

^b *Channel;* equivalent to what we now call a *kennel*.

By that false woman as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop :
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day :
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride ?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept :
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root :
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We 'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee ;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets !—let our bloody colours wave !—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman ; we 'll no longer stay :
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle between Towton
and Saxton in Yorkshire.*

Alarums : Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe :

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle Heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings:
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—
Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,—
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine;
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may hope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on carth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.
Fore-slow^a no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;

^a *Fore-slow*—delay—loiter.

And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;
And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself ;
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters* ; CLIFFORD *flies*.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase ;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind :
Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so :
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain :
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :

How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
O, yes it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father,
dragging in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns :
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them

To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
 Who 's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
 O heavy times, begetting such events!
 From London by the king was I press'd forth;
 My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
 And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 Whiles lions war, and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;
 And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

*Enter a Father who has killed his Son, with the body
 in his arms.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
 But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!
 O, pity, God, this miserable age!
 What stratagems,* how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!

* *Stratagems* here means *disastrous* events—not merely the events of war, its surprises and snares.

O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common
grief!

O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity!

The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woeful
chances,
Mis-think the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[Exit, with the body.

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-
sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious^a will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit, with the body.

^a *Obsequious*—performing obsequies.

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET,
PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull :
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post
amain :

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Eze. Away! for vengeance comes along with them :
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed ;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter ;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee :
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
[The common people swarm like summer flies :]
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun ?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies ?
O Phoebus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëton should check thy fiery steeds,

Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth;
 And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
 Or as thy father, and his father, did,
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 They never then had sprung like summer flies;
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
 Had left no mourning widows for our death,
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
 And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
 Bootless are complaints, and cueless are my wounds:
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
 For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
 Come, York and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
 I stabb'd your fathers bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*]

Alarm and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us
 pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
 Command an argosy to stem the waves.
 But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 't is impossible he should escape:
 For, though before his face I speak the words,
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
 And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*CLIFFORD groans, and dies.*]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the
head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the body forward.]

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast
wont.

^a *Hager—sour—sharp.*

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath
I know by that he 's dead: And, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he 's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;
And George, of Clarence; Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut! that 's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chace in the North of England.*

Enter Two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we 'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund^a anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I 'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let 's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let 's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities:
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

^a *Laund* (the same as lawn) is, according to Camden, "a plain among trees."

2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 *Keep.* But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd content ;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us : for, as we think,
You are the king king Edward hath depos'd ;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear and break an oath ?

2 Keep. No, never such an oath ; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was king of
England ?

2 Keep. Here in this country where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old ;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings ;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me :
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths ?

1 Keep. No ;

For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead ? do I not breathe a man ?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust ;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths ; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded ;
And be you kings ; command, and I'll obey.

1 Keep. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

I *Keep*. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. *Hen*. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd :
And what God will, that let your king perform ;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY.

K. *Edw*. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror :
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands ;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit ;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. *Edw*. It were no less ; but yet I 'll make a pausc.

Glo. Yea ! is it so ?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game : How true he keeps the
wind !

Glo. Silence !

[*Aside.*
[*Aside.*

K. *Edw*. Widow, we will consider of your suit ;
And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. *Grey*. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay :
May it please your highness to resolve me now ;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow ? then I 'll warrant you all
your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you 'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not unless she chance to fall. [*Aside.*

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow?
tell me.

Clar. I think he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside.*

Glo. Nay, then whip me; he'll rather give her two.
[*Aside.*

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rid'd by him.
[*Aside.*

K. Edw. 'T were pity they should lose their father's
land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's
wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the other side.*

K. Edw. Now, tell me, madam, do you love your
children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them
good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them
good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness'
service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace com-
mands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the
maible. [Aside.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

[Aside.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my
task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 't is but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a sub-
ject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely
give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 't is the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my
prayers;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you
did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my
mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy hus-
band's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and
me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness^a of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request:
No, if thou dost say no to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

[*Aside.*

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete
with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable.

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way, or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'T is better said than done, my gracious
lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.

L. Grey. 'T will grieve your grace my son should
call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

^a *Sadness*—seriousness.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift!

[*Aside.*

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You 'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourable.

[*Exeunt K. EDW., LADY GREY, CLARENCE, and Lord.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
(The lustful Edward's title buried,)

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;

Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say, I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be lov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;

And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown :
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile :
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor ;
Deceive more sily than Ulysses could ;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :
I can add colours to theameleon ;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
Tut ! were it farther off I 'll pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE III.—France. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, and
LADY BONA, attended ; the KING takes his state.
Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD
her son, and the EARL OF OXFORD.*

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
[Rising.

Sit down with us ; it ill befits thy state
And birth that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France ; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days :

But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this
deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with
tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[Seats her by him.]

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping
thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this, my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the
storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow :
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lew. What 's he approacheth boldly to our presence ?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick ! What brings thee to France ?

[*Descending from his state.* QUEEN MARGARET rises.

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise ;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;
And then to crave a league of amity :
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam [*to BONA*], in our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity ;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,

Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet Heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse
You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
liege,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years.
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,

When nature brought him to the door of death ?
No, Warwick, no ; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Quern Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not !

[*Retiring with the PRINCE and OXFORD.*]

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king ? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye ?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseeem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun ;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine :—
Yet I confess, [*To WAR.*] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be
Edward's ;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd :
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick ! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit ;
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret :
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 't is but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promis'd.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where, having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you ;
And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,
peace ;
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings !
I will not hence till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance,^a and thy lord's false love ;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you ;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague ;—
These from our king unto your majesty ;—
And, madam, these for you ; from whom—I know not.

[*To MARGARET. They all read their letters.*]

^a *Conveyance*—juggling—artifice.

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were
nettled :

I hope all 's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news ? and yours,
fair queen ?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd
joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What ! has your king married the lady Grey ?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience ?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France ?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner ?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before :
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of Heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's ;
No more my king, for he dishonours me ;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death ?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece ?
Did I impale him with the regal crown ?
Did I put Henry from his native right ;
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame ?
Shame on himself : for my desert is honour.
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry :
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor ;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate
to love ;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I 'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him :
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He 's very likely now to fall from him ;
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen ?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post ;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride :
Thou seest what 's past, go fear^a thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong ;
And therefore I 'll uncrown him, ere 't be long.

There 's thy reward ; be gone. [Exit Mess.]

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,

^a Fear—afright.

And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle :
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt ;
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty ?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty :
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion :
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick ;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand. ●

[*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*]

K. Lew. Why stay we now ? These soldiers shall
be levied,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but WARWICK.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe :
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale* but me ?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again :
Not that I pity Henry's misery.
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[*Exit.*]

* *Stale*—stalking-horse.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE,
and others.**Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?*Clar.* Alas, you know, 't is far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY
GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HAS-
TINGS, and others.**Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.*K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our
choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of
Warwick;Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.*K. Edw.* Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.*Glo.* And you shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.*K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?*Glo.* Not I: no.God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 't were pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen ;
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion, that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be ap-
peas'd
By such invention as I can devise ?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself ?

Mont. Yes, but the safer when it is back'd with
France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France :
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves ;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that ? it was my will and grant ;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride ;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence :
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment;

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words :
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me
Henry.

But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain :

"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place."

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds
are done,

And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words :

"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long."

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd :

They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in
friendship

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the
younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,

For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;

That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

^a *In place*—there present.

I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*

Glo. Not I.

My thoughts aim at a further matter ;

I stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick !

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen ;

And haste is needful in this desperate case.

Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf

Go levy men, and make prepare for war.

They are already, or quickly will be landed :

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.*

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance :

Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me ?

If it be so, then both depart to him ;

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends ;

But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true !

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause !

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us ?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so ; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour,

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;
Speak suddenly, my lords; are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be
thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,
With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[They all cry Henry!]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and St. George!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Edward's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his
stand;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch*. What, will he not to bed ?

1 *Watch*. Why, no : for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest

Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watch*. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch*. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent ?

1 *Watch*. 'T is the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest
friend.

3 *Watch*. O, is it so ? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field ?

2 *Watch*. 'T is the more honour, because more dan-
gerous.

3 *Watch*. Ay ; but give me worship, and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'T is to be doubted he would waken him.

1 *Watch*. Unless our halberds did shut up his pas-
sage.

2 *Watch*. Ay ; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes ?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET,
and Forces.*

War. This is his tent ; and see, where stands his
guard.

Courage, my masters : honour now, or never !

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch*. Who goes there ?

2 *Watch*. Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—Warwick !
Warwick ! and set upon the Guard ; who fly,
crying—Arm ! Arm ! WARWICK, and the
rest, following them.]

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the KING out in a gown, sitting in a chair : GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings : let them go, here is the duke.

K. Edw. The duke ! why, Warwick, when we parted last,

Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd :

When you disgrac'd me in my ambassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas ! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors ;
Nor how to be contented with one wife ;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly ;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare ;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies ?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too ?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king :
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king :

[Takes off his crown.]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed ; thou but the shadow.
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer

Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him :
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs
abide ;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit KING EDWARD, led out ; SOMERSET with him.*]

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers ?

War. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do ;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change ?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward ?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against War-
wick ?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain ?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner ;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares :
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief :
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may ;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb :
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards
London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head :
Guess thou the rest ; king Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right ;
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly ;
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Park near Middleham Castle in
Yorkshire.*

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY,
and others.*

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William
Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case : You know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty ;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD, and a Huntsman.

Hunt This way, my lord ; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see where the hunters stand.

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure :
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee ;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low where fortune cannot hurt me ;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars ;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous ;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars :
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive-branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be bless'd in peace, and war ;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands ;

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissention hinder government :
I make you both protectors of this land ;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will ?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent ;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content :
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place ;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else ? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed :
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care ?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope : If secret
powers

[Lays his hand on his head.]

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss,
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend ?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news : But how made he escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him^a
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him ;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exit. K. HEN., WAR., CLAR., Lieut., and Attends.*]

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's :
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help ;
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond ;
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours :
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay ; for if Edward repossess the crown,
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Before York..

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and
the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy :

^a *Attended him*—waited for him.

What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now
alright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I 'll knock once more to summon
them.

Enter on the walls the Mayor of York, and his brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my
dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He 'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a
doubt?

Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*Exeunt from above.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were
well,

So 't were not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[Takes his keys.]

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,

And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, and Forces, marching.

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, sir John! But why come you in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget

Our title to the crown; and only claim

Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[A march begun.]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, awhile; and we'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king

I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,

To keep them back that come to succour you:

Why should we fight if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make
our claim:

Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
 Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
 The bruit^a thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will: for 't is my right,
 And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
 And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaimed:

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Sold. [*Reads.*] "Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland," &c.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
 By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomey;—and thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:

And, when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mate;

For, well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;

And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,

^a *Bruit*—report.

With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shall stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [*kissing HENRY'S hand*] I seal my
truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR., CLAR., OXF., and MONT.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me
fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies.
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
'No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster! A Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him
hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow;
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with* KING HENRY

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot, and if we use delay
Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[Drum heard.]

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Whoshould that be? belike, unlook'd-for fiends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know:

Drums. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou open the city gates,—
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,—
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?—
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,—
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,—

Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?—
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'T was I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!^a
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'T is even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide
thy friend;
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

* *Deck.* A pack of cards was formerly called a deck.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*OXFORD and his Forces enter the City.*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

Will issue out again and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,

We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;

With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,

More than the nature of a brother's love:

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[*Taking the red rose out of his cap.*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruin my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother and his lawful king?
 Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
 To keep that oath were more impiety
 Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
 I am so sorry for my trespass made,
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
 With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
 (As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad,)
 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
 Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more
 belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing^a traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town
 and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,
 And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads
 the way:

Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory.

[*March. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

*Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD,
 bringing in WARWICK, wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our
 fear;

^a *Passing*—surpassing.

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil.
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood

That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come, quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest to his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*]

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power.
[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK'S body.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, in triumph; with
CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury;

We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way :
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum ; cry, Courage ! and away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Plains near Tewksbury.*

*March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD,
SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What, though the mast be now blown overboard.
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood,
Yet lives our pilot still : Is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much ;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd ?
Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !
Say, Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?
And Montague our top-mast ; what of him ?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles ; what of these ?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor ?
And Somerset another goodly mast ?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings ?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge ?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep ;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no ;
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea ?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit ?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock ?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 Say, you can swim; alas! 't is but a while
 Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
 Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that 's a threefold death.
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 If case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there 's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
 Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided?
 'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 Lend his breast with magnanimity,
 And make him bleed, till it man's veins.
 I speak not this in doubting any here;
 For did I but suspect a fearful man,
 He should have leave to go away betimes;
 Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himself.
 If any such be here, as God forbid!
 Let him depart, before we need his help.

Ourselves and children of so high a courage!
 Our warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.
 O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
 Doth live again in thee: Long mayst thou live,
 To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope
 Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
 Bewarise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford,
 thank you.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing
 else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare, lords, for Edward is at hand,
 Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less : it is his power
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he 's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle ; hence we will not budge.

March. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD,
CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
wood,

Which, by the Heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out :
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I
should say

My tears gainsay ; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this : Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice ; then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both armies.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the same.*

Alarums : Excursions : and afterwards a retreat.

Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER,
and Forces ; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD,
and SOMERSET, prisoners.

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils,
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight :
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, hear them hence ; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds
Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is : and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;

Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back
rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:

*Is*scivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,

And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are;

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[*GLO. stabs him.*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[*CLAR. stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower! the Tower! [Exit.

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man: this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.

What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher, Richard,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murther is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!
[*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

KING HENRY is discovered sitting, with a book in his hand; the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your 'book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say, rather:

'T is sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloster and good devil were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl;
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd!

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,^a—

^a We point this passage in the belief that "timeless death" is connected not only with *parents*', but with *husbands*' and *sons*'.

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
 To wit, an indigest deformed lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
 To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more:—Die, prophet, in thy speech:
 [Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
 O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.]

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
 Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
 See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
 O, may such purple tears be always shed
 From those that wish the downfall of our house!
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,—
 [Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
 Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;
 For I have often heard my mother say
 I came into the world with my legs forward:
 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
 And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
 The midwife wonder'd: and the women cried,
 "O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
 And so I was; which plainly signified
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
 Then, since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother :
And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me ; I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light ;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee :
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life ;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone :
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

KING EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne ;*
QUEEN ELIZABETH, *with the infant PRINCE, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride !
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions :
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son ;
And two Northumberlands : two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound :
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy :
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:
Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen,
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,
thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master.
And cried—All hail! when as he meant—all harm.

[*Aside.*
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt*



KING
Richard
III.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS History was originally published in 1597. It was reprinted four times in quarto previous to its appearance in the folio of 1623.

To understand the character of the 'Richard III.' of Shakspeare, we must have traced its development by the author of the previous plays. Those who study the subject carefully will find how entire the unity is preserved between the last of these four dramas, which everybody admits to be the work of the "greatest name in all literature," in an unbroken link with the previous drama, which some have been in the habit of assigning to some obscure and very inferior writer. We are taught to open the 'Life and Death of King Richard III.,' and to look upon the extraordinary being who utters the opening lines as some new creation, set before us in the perfect completeness of self-formed villainy. We have not learnt to trace the growth of the mind of this bold bad man; to see how his bravery became gradually darkened with ferocity; how his prodigious talents insensibly allied themselves with cunning and hypocrisy; how, in struggling for his house, he ultimately proposed to struggle for himself; how, in fact, the bad ambition

would be naturally kindled in his mind, to seize upon the power which was sliding from the hands of the voluptuous Edward, and the "simple, plain Clarence."

The poet of the 'Richard III.' goes straightforward to his object; for he has made all the preparation in the previous dramas. No gradual development is wanting of the character which is now to sway the action. The struggle of the houses up to this point has been one only of violence; and it was therefore anarchical. "The big-boned" Warwick, and the fiery Clifford, alternately presided over the confusion. The power which changed the

" Dreadful marches to delightful measures "

seemed little more than accident. But Richard proposed to himself to subject events to his domination, not by courage alone, or activity, or even by the legitimate exercise of a commanding intellect, but by the clearest and coolest perception of the strength which he must inevitably possess who unites the deepest sagacity to the most thorough unscrupulousness in its exercise, and is an equal master of the weapons of force and of craft. The character of Richard is essentially different from any other character which Shakspeare has drawn. His bloody violence is not that of Macbeth; nor his subtle treachery that of Iago. It is difficult to say whether he derives a greater satisfaction from the success of his crimes, or from the consciousness of power which attends the working of them. This is a feature which he holds in common with Iago. But then he does not labour with a "motiveless malignity," as Iago does

✱

He has no vague suspicions, no petty jealousies, no remembrance of slight affronts, to stimulate him to a disproportioned and unnatural vengeance. He does not *hate* his victims; but they stand in his way, and as he does not *love* them, they perish. Villains of the blackest die disguise their crimes even from themselves. Richard shrinks not from their avowal to others, for a purpose.

It is the result of the peculiar organization of Richard's mind, formed as it had been by circumstances as well as by nature, that he invariably puts himself in the attitude of one who is playing a part. It is this circumstance which makes the character (clumsy even as it has been made by the joinery of Cibber) such a favourite on the stage. It cannot be over-acted.

It is only in the actual presence of a powerful enemy that Richard displays any portion of his *natural* character. His bravery required no dissimulation to uphold it. In his last battle-field he puts forth all the resources of his intellect in a worthy direction: but the retribution is fast approaching. It was not enough for offended justice that he should die as a hero: the terrible tortures of conscience were to precede the catastrophe. The drama has exhibited all it could exhibit—the palpable images of terror haunting a mind already anticipating the end. “Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,” is the first revelation of the true inward man to a fellow-being. But the terror is but momentary:—

“Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.”

To the last the poet exhibits the supremacy of Richard's

intellect, his ready talent, and his unwearied energy. The tame address of Richmond to his soldiers, and the spirited exhortation of Richard, could not have been the result of accident.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD IV.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

**EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King
Edward V., son to the King.**

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

RICHARD, Duke of York, son to the King.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, brother to the King.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4

**RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, afterwards King
Richard III., brother to the King.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III.
sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V.
sc. 3; sc. 4.*

A young Son of Clarence.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

**HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King
Henry VII.**

Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

CARDINAL BOUCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THOMAS ROTHERAM, *Archbishop of York.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4.

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2;
sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.*

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Appears, Act V. c. 3; sc. 4.

EARL OF SURREY, *son to the Duke of Norfolk.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3

EARL RIVERS, *brother to King Edward's Queen.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3.

MARQUIS OF DORSET, *son to King Edward's Queen.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

LORD GREY, *son to King Edward's Queen.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.

EARL OF OXFORD.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

LORD HASTINGS.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III.
sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.*

LORD STANLEY.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.*

LORD LOVEL.

Appears, Act III. sc. 4; sc. 5.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV.
sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.*

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV.
sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.*

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the tower.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5.

A Priest.

Appears, Act III. sc. 2.

Lord Mayor of London.

Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7.

Sheriff of Wiltshire.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV.
sc. 1; sc. 4.*

MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4.

**DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV.,
Clarence, and Gloster.**

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.

**LADY ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son
to King Henry VI., afterwards married to the Duke
of Gloster.**

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

A young Daughter of Clarence.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

**Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pur-
suant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers,
Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.**

SCENE,—ENGLAND

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;^a
 And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorions wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
 And now, instead of mounting barbed^b steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;—
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;—
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,

^a An allusion to the cognizance of Edward IV., which was adopted after the battle of Mortimer's Cross:—

“Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?”

^b *Barbed.* Barbed and barded appear to have been indifferently applied to a caparisoned horse.

Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them; —
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And, if king Edward be as true and just
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy, which says that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard
 That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
 O, be'ike, his majesty hath some intent
 That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.
 But what 's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest

As yet I do not : But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says, a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be ;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he :
These, as I learn, and such-like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is when men are rul'd by women :
'T is not the king that sends you to the Tower ;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 't is she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By Heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking her ells
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery :
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me ;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so ; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say :

We speak no treason, man :—we say, the king
Is wise and virtuous ; and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous :—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue :
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks :
How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore ? I tell thee,
fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord ?

Glo. Her husband, knave :—Wouldst thou betray me ?

Brak. I do beseech your grace to pardon me ; and,
withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;

And whatsoever you will employ me in,—

Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,—

I will perform it, to enfranchise you.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long ;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you :^a

Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce ; farewell.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence ! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If Heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd Hastings.

^a Lie for you—be imprisoned in your stead.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!

Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by St. Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'T is very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments:
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends

Is, to become her husband and her father .
 The which will I : not all so much for love
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market :
 Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and reigns ;
 When they are gone then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it ; and LADY ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
 Whilst I a while obsequiously ^a lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son ;
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds !
 Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes !
 Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it !
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

^a *Obsequiously*—performing obsequies.

May fright the hopeful motner at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!
Come now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
'Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.
[*The bearers take up the corpse, and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

1 Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The bearers set down the coffin.*

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble
us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh !
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells ;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !
Either, Heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead ;
Or, earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man ;
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry !
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say, they were not slain.
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest ; queen Margaret

SAW

Thy murtherous faulchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'st on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo.

I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgeshog ? then, God grant
me too,

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that help to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo.

Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's
wrack ;

You should not blemish it if I stood by :
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy
life !

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he ?

Glo. Here : [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit
at me ?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake !

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee
dead !

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once ;

For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears ;
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops :
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him :
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause, to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word ;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open ; she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill king Henry ;—
But 't was thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch ; 't was I that stabb'd young Edward ;—
But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage :
Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love ;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'T is figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope ?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give. [*She puts on the ring*]

Glo. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-house :
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient^a duty see you :
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boon.

^a *Expedient*—expeditious.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne.

'Tis more than you deserve:

But, since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt LADY ANNE, TRESSSEL, and BERKLEY.*]

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.

Gent.

Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,

The spacious world cannot again afford:

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woeful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while :
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
 And entertain a score or two of tailors
 To study fashions to adorn my body :
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in^a his grave;
 And then return lamenting to my love.
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and
 LORD GREY.*

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt his
 majesty

Will soon recover his accusom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill it makes him worse :
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me ?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The Heavens have bless'd you with a goodly
 son,

To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
 Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector ?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet :
 But so it must be if the king miscarry

^a In—into.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn^a them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—but that will never be.

I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:

^a *Warn*—summon.

Who are they that complain unto the king,
 That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
 By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
 That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
 Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
 I must be held a rancorous enemy.
 Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
 By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
 When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
 Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
 A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
 Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
 The king, of his own royal disposition,
 And not provok'd by any suitor else;
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
 That in your outward action shows itself
 Against my children, brothers, and myself,
 Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
 The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell:—The world is grown so bad
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
 Since every Jack became a gentleman,
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
 You envy my advancement, and my friends';
 God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this careful
height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not
so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may
she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too :
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs :
By Heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at :
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'T is time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a packhorse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends;

To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—

And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been, ere this, and what you are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick

Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:

I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's,

Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine;

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,

Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar,
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*]

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that I being queen you bow like subjects,
Yet that by you depos'd you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make,* before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

* The double acceptation of the verb *make* is also exemplified in 'As You Like It':—

"Now, sir, what *make* you here?

Nothing: I am not taught to *make* anything."

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee ;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 't was the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat ?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven ?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king !
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence !
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
Long mayst thou live, to wail thy children's death,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
Long die thy happy days before thy death ;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen ;
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt
hear me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested——

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'T is done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against
yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd
mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught
your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects;
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them:
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry; learn it, learn it, marquis

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest;
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:

Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog;

Look, when he fawns he bites; and, when he bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:

Have not to do with him, beware of him;

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,

And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel,

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*]

Riv. My hair doth stand on end to hear his curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do somebody good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
 He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains;
 God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christianlike conclusion,
 To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd :—
 For had I cuss'd now, I had cuss'd myself. [Aside.]

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
 And for your grace,—and you, my noble lord.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come :—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your grace. [*Ex. all but Glos.*]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
 Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,—
 I do beweepe to many simple gulls;
 Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
 And tell them, 't is the queen and her allies
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.
 Now they believe it; and withal whet me
 To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Grey:
 But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
 Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy
 With odd old ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

* *Enter two Murderers.*

But soft, here come my executioners.
 How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?
 Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the
 warrant,
 That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me :

[*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;

For Cluence is well spoken, and, perhaps,

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
pate :

Talkers are no good doers ; be assur'd

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall
tears :

I like you, lads ;—about your business straight ;

Go, go, despatch.

2 Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night,

Though 't were to buy a world of happy days ;

So full o' dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you,
tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;

And in my company my brother Gloster :

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches ; there we look'd toward England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster

That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,

As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who spake aloud,—“What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?”
And so he vanish'd: Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
" Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;—
Seize on him, furies, take him unto torment !—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell ;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you ;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury. I have done these things, —
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord : God give your grace good
rest !—

[*CLAR. retires.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,—
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares :
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho ! who 's here ?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow ? and how cam'st
thou hither ?

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came
hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 Murd. 'T is better, sir, than to be tedious:—let him see our commission, and talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to BRAK., who reads it.*]

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep.—and there, the keys.
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resigned to you my charge.

1 Murd. You may, sir; 't is a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit BRAK.*]

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 Murd. No; he'll say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 Murd. Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 Murd. Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 Murd. The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 Murd. What! art thou afraid?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1 Murd. I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 Murd. Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope this passionate humour of mine will change: it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 Murd. Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies ; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where 's thy conscience now ?

2 *Murd.* Oh, in the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'T is no matter ; let it go ; there 's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What if it come to thee again ?

2 *Murd.* I 'll not meddle with it, [it is a dangerous thing,] it makes a man a coward ; a man cannot steal but it accuseth him ; a man cannot swear but it checks him ; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife but it detects him : 'T is a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills one full of obstacles : it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found ; it beggars any man that keeps it : it is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing ; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* It is now even at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not : he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong fiam'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoken like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work ?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device ! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft ! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we 'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper ? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly, dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 *Murd.* To, to, to——

Clar. To murder me!

Both *Murd.* Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore, prepare to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me;

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder: Will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on
thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too :
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow ; and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law
to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree ?

Clar. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :

He sends you not to murder me for this ;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be-avenged for the deed,

O, know you, yet he doth it publicly ;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;

He needs no indirect or lawless course.

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
faults,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me ;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for mced, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster ;

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear;
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
[And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,]
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, millstone; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself:

'T is he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die,
my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murdering me?
Oh, sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life,—as you would beg
Were you in my distress?

1 *Murd.* Relent! No. 'T is cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me :
A begging prince, what beggar pities not ?

2 Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

1 Murd. Take that, and that ; if all this will not do.

[*Stabs him.*

I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit, with the body.*

2 Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd !
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder !

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 Murd. How now ? what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not ?
By Heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have
been.

2 Murd. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother !

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 Murd. So do not I ; go, coward as thou art.
Well, I 'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial ;
And when I have my meed, I will away ;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, (led in sick,) QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more to peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By Heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest He that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this—
Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces DORSET.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace [*to the QUEEN*], but with all duteous love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of Heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

[*Embracing RIVERS, &c.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace;
 'T is death to me to be at enmity;
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my dutious service;
 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
 Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset —
 That all without desert have shewn'd on me: —
 Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you: —
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all,
 I do not know that Englishman alive
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to-night;
 I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence?
 Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows
 he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
 But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order diel,
 And that a winged Mercury did bear;
 Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

That came too lag to see him buried :
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion !

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K. Edw. I prithee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life :

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him ? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd ?
Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?

Who told me in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, " Dear brother, live, and be a king " ?

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments ; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night ?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :—
 But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
 O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.
 Ah! poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, HAST., RIV., DOR., and GRIFF.]

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness! Munk'd you not
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
 O! they did urge it still unto the king:
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
 To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, with a Son and
 Daughter of CLARENCE.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your
 breast;

And cry—"O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
 And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
 If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins,^a you mistake me both;
 I do lament the sickness of the king,
 As loth to lose him, not your father's death:
 It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead

^a *Cousins*—relations—kinsfolks. They are her grandchildren

The king my uncle is to blame for this :
God will revenge it ; whom I will impostume
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Dough. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace ! the king doth love
you well :

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can : for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me, the king, provok'd to 't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him :
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice !
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam ?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, distractedly ; RIVERS and
DORSET following her.* *

Q. Eliz. Ah ! who shall hinder me to wail and weep !
To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience ?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence.
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches when the root is gone ?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap ?
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's ;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left;
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan)
To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's
gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's
gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are
gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss
Alas ! I am the mother of these griefs ;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she ;
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I ;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they :—
Alas ! you three on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother : God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing ;
In common worldly things 't is called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son : send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives :
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS,
RATCLIFF, and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace :—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glo. Amen ; and make me die a good old man !
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

[*Aside.*

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love :
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high sworn hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young king be set
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buck-
ingham ?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd :
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us ;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach.
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd .
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you my sister, will you go
To give your censures^a in this weighty business ?

[*Exeunt all but Buck. and GLOSTER*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,

^a *Censures*—opinions.

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To put the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour : Whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself :
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better.
I fear, I fear, 't will prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation who shall now be nearest
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason^a almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a Reason—converse.

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton ;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night :
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no ; they say, my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my good cousin ? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother ; " Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
" Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee :

He was the wretched'at thing, when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York ? I prithee let me
hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old ;
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger:

What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pontefret,

And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclosed;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;

Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless throne:

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!

My husband lost his life to get the crown;

And often up and down my sons were toss'd,

For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:

And being seated, and domestic broils

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen:
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
[*To the QUEEN.*

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Giv I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOUCHIER, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :
No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they
were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ;—and thank you all.—

[*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*]
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way :

Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating
lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother
come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [*Exeunt CARDINAL and HASTINGS.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and^a shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place : —
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record ? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd ;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 't were retail'd^b to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do never live long.
[*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle ?

Glo. I say, without characters,^c fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.^d } [*Aside.*]

^a *Where* is understood here ; if it were repeated, there would be no difficulty in the construction of the sentence.

^b *Retail'd.* *Retail* and *detail*, according to Tooke, are both derived from *tale*—the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *tell-an*, to tell. The truth "*retail'd* to all posterity" is the truth *retold* to all posterity.

^c *Without characters*—without the help of letters.

^d The equivocation which Richard uses consists in the repe-

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man :
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.--
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord ?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly^a have a forward spring.
[*Aside.*]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York ! how fares our noble brother ?

York. Well, my dread^b lord ; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother ; to our grief, as it is yours :
Too late^c he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York ?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York And therefore is he idle ?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

titution of the words "live long," which the Prince has caught, but with a different "meaning." He has moralized "two meanings" by retaining the same conclusion of his sentence, or "word."

^a *Lightly*—commonly.

^b *Dread*, most dread, was a kingly epithet—*Rex metuendissimus*.

^c *Late*—lately.

York. Then he is more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kins man.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift? O, that 's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you will part but with light
gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call
me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will 't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost ;
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Ex. PRIN., YORK, HAST., CARD., and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed* by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 't is a parlous boy ;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable ;
He 's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.

Come hither, Catesby ; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart :
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way ;
What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cate. He, for his father's sake, so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley ? will not
he ?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

* *Incensed*—Incited.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
 Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :
 If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
 Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,
 And give us notice of his inclination :
 For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William : tell him,
 Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;
 And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
 Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep ?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-house, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

Glo. Chop off his head ;—something we will determine :—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
 The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
 Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I 'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes ; that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Lord Hastings's House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord !

[*Knocking*]

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks ?

Mess. One from the lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is 't o'clock ?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights ?

Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then ?

Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm :
Besides, he says, there are two councils kept ;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord :
Bid him not fear the separated councils :
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, without instance :
And, for his dreams, I wonder he 's so simple
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I 'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.
[*Exit.*]

* The word *instance* signifies here, as in other passages of Shakspeare, *example, fact is proof, corroboration.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good moriows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good moriow, Catesby; you are early stirring;
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 't will do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow,
Catesby :—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 't is now :
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what,
my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their
heads,

Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let 's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I 'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY.*

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now,
Than when thou mett'st me last where now we meet :
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content !

Hast. Gramercy, fellow : There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his purse.*]

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Pr. I 'll wait upon your lordship.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain ?

Your friends at Pomfret ~~they~~ do need the priest ;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower ?

Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay there :
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
[*Aside.*]

Come, will you go ?

Hast. I 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, to execution.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of
you!

A knot you are of damned bloodsuckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this here-
after.

Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the second here was hack'd to death:

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our
heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buck-
ingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, God,

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons,

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.^a

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here
embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

^a *Expiate*—expired.

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a table: Officers of the council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation :

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day ?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time ?

Stan. They are ; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?
Who is most inward ^a with the noble duke ?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his
mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces : for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours ;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine :
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well :
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my honourable lords, may name the time ;
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow :
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,

^a *Inward*—intimate—in confidence.

William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings no man might be
bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit ELY.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot
That he will lose his head, ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord the duke of Gloster? I have
sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this
morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any livelihood^a he show'd to-day?

^a *Livelihood*—liveliness—cheerfulness.

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;
For were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft ; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be :
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil !
Look how I am bewitch'd ; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up :
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have mark'd me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If ? thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs ?—Thou art a traitor :—
Off with his head :—now, by saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same !
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done ;
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Hast. Woe, woe for England ! not a whit for me ;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this :
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm ;
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughterhouse.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me :
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.;

Rat. Come, come, despatch, the duke would be at dinner;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 't is bootless to exclaim

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower Walls.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.^a

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending^b deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,

^a This is the quaint stage direction of the folio edition of 1623.

^b *Intending*—pretending.

At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there.

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS's head

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd
traitor

That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were 't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor,
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution ?

May. Now, fair befall you ! he deserv'd his death ;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Glo. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end ;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented :
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons ;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall
serve
As well as I had seen and heard him speak :
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I 'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend :
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saving he would make his son

Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,
 Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
 And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
 Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
 Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
 Without control lusted to make a prey.
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
 My princely father, then had wars in France ;
 And, by true computation of the time,
 Found that the issue was not his begot ;
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off ;
 Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord : I 'll play the orator,
 As if the golden fee for which I plead
 Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
 castle ;

Where you shall find me well accompanied
 With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go ; and, towards three or four o'clock,
 Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw.
 Go thou [*to CATB.*] to friar Penker ;—bid them both
 Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I go, to take some privy order
 To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;
 And to give order, that no manner person^a
 Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

[*Exit.*]

^a *No manner person.* This is the reading of the folio, and is
 a common idiom of our old language.

SCENE VI.—*A Street.**Enter a Scrivener.*

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over.
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.**Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desire,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:

Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew toward^a end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal king!"

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word
But, like dumb statues^b or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, the people were not used
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;"
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save king Richard!"
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
"Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends," quoth I;
"This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:"
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! Would
they not speak?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:
And look you, get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;

^a Toward, in the folio; the quartos, to an.

^b Statues. The word here, as well as in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' (Act IV. Scene 4), probably means picture.

For on that ground I 'll make a holy descant :
And be not easily won to our requests ;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go : And if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we 'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads ; the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter from the castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby ! what says your lord to my request ?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day :
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation :
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I 'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !
He is not lulling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines ;
Not sleeping, to engross^a his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :
Happy were England would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof :
But, sure, I fear we shall not win him to it.

^a *Engross*—to make gross.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us
nay!

Buck. I fear he will : Here Catesby comes again ; —

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now Catesby, what says his grace ?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before ;
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit CATE.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 't is much to draw them thence ;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between Two
Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergy-
men !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology ;
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: Would it might please
your grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as ;rotector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,

Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;
(And much I need to help you, were there need ;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy state,
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son ;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :
For first was he contract to lady Lucy,—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,

A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy ;
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity :
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap this care on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,

Loth to depose the child, your brother's son,

As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred.

And equally, indeed, to all estates,—

Yet know, wher you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfal of your house.

And in this resolution here we leave you ;—

Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

Glo. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exeunt* BUCK. and Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit* CATM.
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof:
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again:—

[*To the Bishops.*
Farewell, my cousin;—farewell, gentle friends. [*Ex.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUIS OF DORSET; on the other, ANNE DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece^a Plantagenet, Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster? Now, for my life, she 's wand'ring to the Tower, On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince. Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess, Upon the like devotion as yourselves, To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave, How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience, I may not suffer you to visit them; The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

^a *Niece*—grand-daughter. In 'Othello' *nephews* are put for grandchildren.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title !
Hath he set bounds between their love and me ?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them ?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother :
Then bring me to their sights ; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so ;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.*]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder !

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings ! O unpleasing news !

Dor. Be of good cheer : Mother, how fares your grace ?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels ;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children :

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughterhouse,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead ;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse, —
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam ;
Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way :
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery !
O my accursed womb, the bed of death ;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous !

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.

O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !
Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen !

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory,
To feed my humour : wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ?—When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd ;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—“ Be thou,” quoth I, “ accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And when thou wedd'st let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !”
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse ;
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest :
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining.

Anns. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeiful welcomer of glory!

Annc. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[To *DORSET*.]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!

[To *ANNE*.]

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

[To *Q. ELIZABETH*.]

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.^a

Q. Eliz. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets. *RICHARD, as King, upon his throne; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,^b
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:

^a *Teen*—sorrow.

^b *Touch*—touchstone.

Young Edward lives:—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'T is so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live!—True, noble prince!—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
freezes:

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear
lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve you herein presently. [*Exit Buck.*]

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

[*Aside.*]

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[*Descends from his throne.*]

And unrespective^a boys; none are for me

That look into me with considerate eyes.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy!

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting
gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:

^a *Unrespective*—inconsiderate.

Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: Go, call him hither, boy. [Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what 's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean, poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[Exit CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed ?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr. Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it ; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon :

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel :

Go, by this token :—Rise, and lend thine ear :

[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so :—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son :—Well look
unto it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife ; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request ?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king !—perhaps——

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what 's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what 's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,^a thou keep'st the
stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and Train.*]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre

^a The "Jack of the Clock-house" was an automaton, which struck the hour upon a bell.

That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children, in their death's sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay :
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind ;
But, O, the devil"—there the villain stopp'd ;
When Dighton thus told on,—“ we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.”—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse ;
They could not speak : and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes :—All health, my sovereign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom;
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Rat. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd that fearful commencing
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle
lamb,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living
ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniority,^a

^a *Seniority*—seniority.

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
 If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
[Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—]
 I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
 I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
 Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
 Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
 I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
 kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
 A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
 That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes
 To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
 That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls;
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
 O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
 How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
 And makes her pew-fellow^a with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.
 Thy Edward he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
 The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
 Young York he is but boot,^b because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.
 Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;
 And the beholders of this frantic play,
 The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

^a *Pew-fellow*—companion—occupiers of the same seat.

^b *Boot.* We retain the phrase to boot, something added; into the bargain, as we also still say.

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer ;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither : But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence :
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead !

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune ;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen ;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below :
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen ?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
Where be the throuring troops that follow'd thee ?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
For she being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
For she commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time ;

Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the
 day;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
 And he that slew them fouler than he is;
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O quicken them with
 thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
 like mine. [Exit *Q. Mar.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Trumpet within.
 The trumpet sounds,—be copious in exclams.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accused womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden
crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd^a that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! — strike alarum,
drums!

Let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.

Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous repeat of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

^a *Ow'd*—owned.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me ;
 Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;
 Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;
 Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous ;
 Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
 More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :
 What comfortable hour canst thou name,
 That ever grac'd me in thy company ?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hower, that
 call'd your grace
 To breakfast once, forth of my company.
 If I be so disgracious in your eye,
 Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
 Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word,
 For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
 Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;
 Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
 And never more behold thy face again.
 Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse ;
 Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
 Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !
 My prayers on the adverse party fight :
 And there the little souls of Edward's children
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
 And promise them success and victory.
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
 Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*]

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
 spirit to curse
 Abides in me ; I say amen to her.

[*Going.*]

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood

For thee to slaughter : for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed ;
Throw over her the veil of infamy :
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is a royal princess.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny :
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle
lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads!

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know; that, from my soul, I love thy
daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy
soul:

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her
king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: Who else
should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so: How think you of it!

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but
hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love

Thou is the doting title of a mother ;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity :
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What ! we have many goodly days to see :
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl ;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty ; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting
war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command,
entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King
forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as Heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sov'-
reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is
past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heartstrings
break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my
crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing : for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour ;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory :
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misused.

K. Rich. Now, by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by Heaven,—

Q. Eliz. Heaven's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with Him,
The unity the king my husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-
past ;

For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age ;
The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by times ill-used o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light, nor night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding! if, with dear heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so),
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet, thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
Selves of themselves to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her.* *Exit Q. ELIZ.*
Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman!

How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy ; to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back :
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
Norfolk :—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither : Post to Salisbury ;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,
[To CATESBY.]

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'
pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby :—Bid him levy
straight

The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[Exit.]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salis-
bury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I
go ?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news
with you ?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the
hearing ;

Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? Is the sword un-
sway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the
north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with
Richmond:
But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be, false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men. But leave behind
Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.

[Exit STANLEY.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors^a
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?
[He strikes him.]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

^a *Competitors*—associates.

3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset, 'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms. But this good comfort bring I to your highness,— The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest : Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks If they were his assistants, yea, or no ; Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham Upon his party : he, mistrusting them, Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken, That is the best news. That the earl of Richmond Is with a mighty power landed at Milford, Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ; while we reason here
A royal battle might be won and lost :
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Lord Stanley's House.*

Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER UNSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold ;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;

The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone; commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say, that the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Harford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, bid thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand.
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.

† *Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. *An open place.*

Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord : therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,

Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice!
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, and his wife's allies :
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted :
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer which I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with
sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophetess."—
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

SCENE II.—*Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for
fear;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD and Forces; the DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk!

Nor.

Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: Ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*

But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR

WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords.

Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford, you, sir William Brandon,
 And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me :
 The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment ;^a
 Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
 And by the second hour in the morning
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent :

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me ;
 Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
 (Which well I am assur'd I have not done,)
 His regiment lies half a mile at least
 South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
 Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
 And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it ;
 And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,
 gentlemen,
 Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;
 In to my tent, the dew is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK,
 RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock ?

Cate. It 's supper-time, my lord ;
 It 's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
 Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was ?
 And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Cate. It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;
 Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

^a *Keeps his regiment.* The word *regiment* is several times used in this scene in the sense of a body of men, under the command (regiment) of a particular captain.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.

K. Rich. Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power

Before sunrising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch!^a | To CAT.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut^b time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent,

And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*K. RICH. retires into his tent. Exeunt RAT. and CAT.*

^a *A watch.* The verb *give*—and the subsequent expression "bid my guard watch"—show that Richard is not asking for a sentinel, as some have supposed. The *watch* is the *watch-light*. The night-candle was divided by marks to indicate how long it had burned.

^b *Cock-shut.* We incline to think that *cock-shut time* is equivalent to *cock-ronst time*—the hour at which the cock goes to rest. As morning is *cock-crow*, evening may by a parallel image be *cock-shut*.

RICHMOND's tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-stating war.
I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down^a to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[Exeunt Lords, &c., with STANLEY]

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,

^a *Peise me down—weigh me down.*

That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*]

The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to HENRY THE SIXTH, rises between the two tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To KING RICHARD.*]
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: Despair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of KING HENRY THE SIXTH rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To KING RICHARD.*]
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: Despair, and die;
Harry the sixth bids thee despair, and die!—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [*To RICHM.*]
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: Live, and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To KING RICHARD.*]
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [*To RICHM.*]
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[To K. RICH.]

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
[To K. RICH.]

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die! [To K. RICH.]

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom [To RICHM.]

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
[To K. RICH.]

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake! [To RICHM.]
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
Tower.

Let us be laid within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die!—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy
wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;

[To RICHM.]

Dream of success and happy victory ;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to 'the crown :

[To K. RICH.]

The last was I that felt thy tyranny :
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death !
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !

I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid :

[To RICHM.]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard fall in height of all his pride. [The
Ghosts vanish. K. RICH. starts out of his dream.]

K. Rich. Give me another horse, — bind up my
wounds, —

Have mercy, Jesu ! — Soft ; I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The lights burn blue. — It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself ? there 's none else by :
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here ? No ; — Yes ; I am :
Then fly, — What, from myself ? Great reason : Why ?
Lest I revenge. What ? Myself upon myself ?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself ?
O, no : alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain : Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well : — Fool, do not flatter :
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
 Murther, stern murther, in the di'n'st degree;
 All several sins, all used in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murther'd
 Came to my tent: and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. Who 's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 't is I. The early village cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

[*K. Rich.* O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful
 dream!—

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.]

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
 It is not yet near day.* Come, go with me;
 Under our tents I'll play the eavesdropper,
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.*

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 't is time to arm, and give direction.—

[*He advances to the troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords :
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully :
 God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory ! [*Exc.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and
Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching
 Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : And what said Surrey
 then ?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right ; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the look,
 He should have brav'd the east an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
 The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,
 More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven
 That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle:—Caparison my horse;—

Call up lord Stauley, bid him bring his power:

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My forward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle; whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou,
Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll.*]

K. Rich. [*Reads.*] "Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;

For conscience is a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withal;—

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;

You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the other.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost ?
 A milksop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
 Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;
 Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Bretagnes, whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?
 Ravish our daughters ?—Hark, I hear their drum.
 [Drum afar off.]
 Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight boldly, yeomen !
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head !

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh ;
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
 bosom :

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !

Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum : Exursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces,
 to him CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
 The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger ;
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :
 Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I 'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the die :
 I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;
 Five have I slain to-day, instead of him :
 A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD and RICHMOND ;
 they fight ; RICHARD is slain.**

Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee !

Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties,
 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
 Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal ;
 Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all !
 But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;
 Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?

* *They fight ; Richard is slain.* This is the stage direction of all the old copies, and it is important to preserve it, as showing the course of the dramatic action. In the modern editions we have, "Enter King Richard and Richmond ; and ~~cease~~ fighting."

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us ;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red ;
Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire ;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs (God, if they will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce * these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again ;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen !

[*Exeunt.*]

* *Reduce*—bring back : the Latin form of the word.